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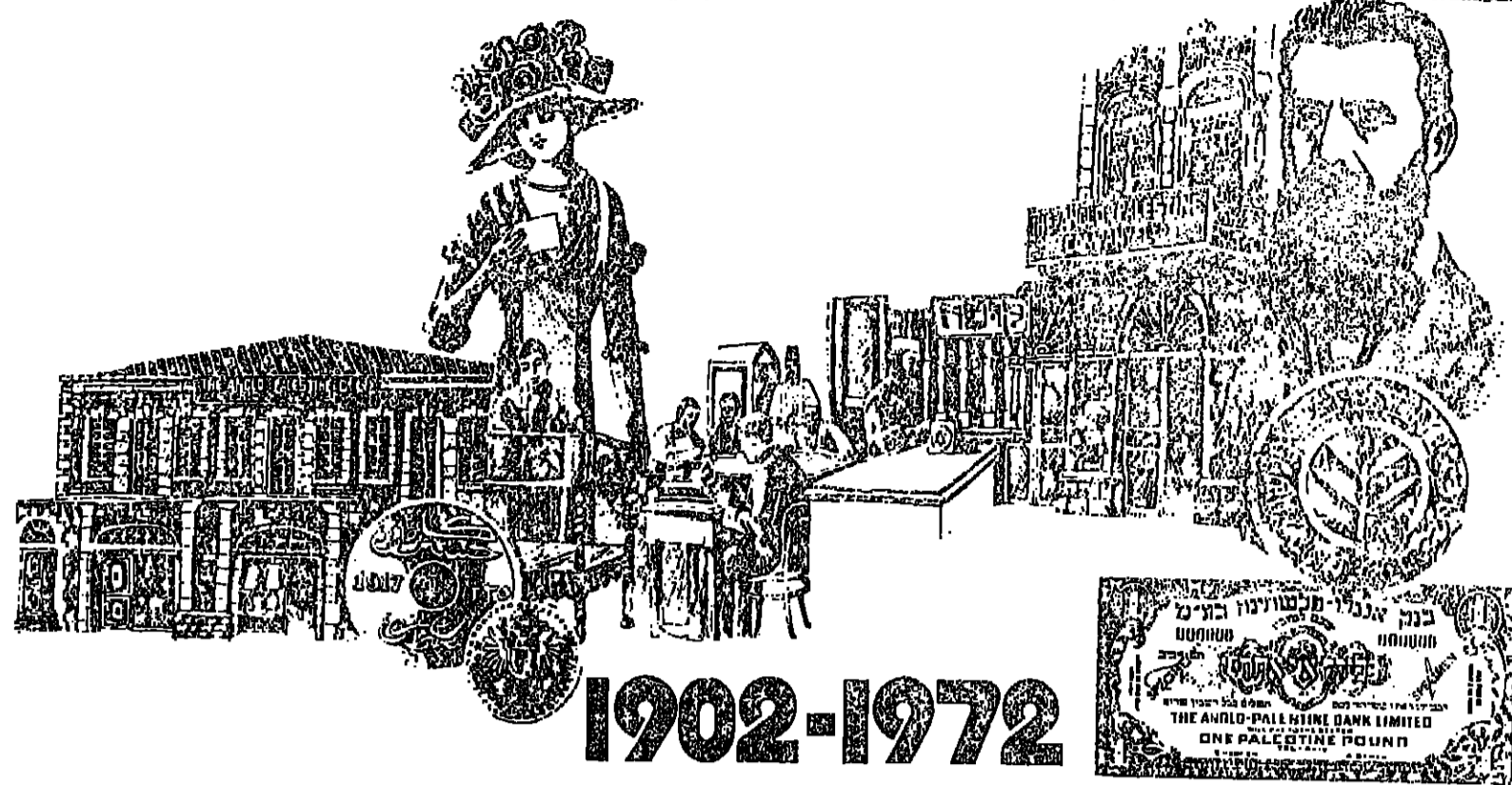
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Faces turned towards peace

As Israel celebrates its 24th Independence Day, "there seems to be an increasing awareness," even among our antagonists, "that the sword cannot provide answers to our problems and that there is no real alternative to fair and honest political negotiations," says President Schneur Zalman Shazar in his annual Independence Day message, the English text of which appears below. The President will speak to the nation this evening.



THE re-established State of Israel celebrates its twenty-fourth anniversary in the very midst of its effort to achieve decent and enduring relations with its neighbours in this disturbed region. Throughout the cease-fire such attempts have gone on; during the last year in particular, proposal after proposal has been made by us, by friends, by observers.

The President of Egypt, to be sure, still threatens armed conflict with millions of victims. The terrorist groups, even after the blows they suffered at the hands of their own people, still weave murderous conspiracies, and, heavily financed by open and secret subsidies, persist in attempting to ensnare youth in the Arab lands. It is only the strength of Israel's Defence Forces that serves as deterrent. And even among leaders of our antagonists, there seems to be increasing awareness that the sword cannot provide answers to our problems and that there is no real alternative to fair and honest political negotiations — as soon as possible.

Our security forces still have no choice but to be prepared for any contingency, but our military preparedness must not lessen the intensity of our striving to create communal and political relationships which will lead to cooperation and peace. Thus it is that the State of Israel celebrates this Independence Day with its face turned towards peace — which we are determined to seek and find though its coming is now shrouded in darkness.

We may see ourselves today as much closer to dialogue than in the period immediately after the Six Day War. And the elections just held in freedom and with mass participation in West Bank towns, reconfirm our belief that hope is not mere fantasy. Nor should we underestimate the significance of the fact that in all the five years since the War constructive work and development have gone on uninterrupted throughout the country. All sectors of the population have enjoyed full employment; agriculture has adjusted itself to new technological conditions, amply rewarding those working in it. Exports, though still lagging behind imports, have increased markedly and captured new and promising markets. Industry and trade are expanding, theoretical and applied science opening horizons for us. There are new heights in our communal, economic, spiritual life, in the varied fields of cultural activity, in our institutions of higher education, traditional learning, scientific research — institutions which now serve as a magnet to so many from the Diaspora.

A potent factor in all this resurgence is the aliya of newcomers from widely scattered lands, including that great Jewish Diaspora community which has for decades been virtually sealed and imprisoned. It is our blessed good fortune to behold the miracle of their aliya out our day; aliya out of oppression becoming aliya out of choice, aliya out of love becoming aliya out of primal devotion to Zion. The most expert and perceptive among us are amazed and awestruck by the agencies which are the price for this mass aliya of heroic individuals — each a Nachshon.

This is a movement that springs from the depths of our people's being — without organized education or training, without systematic

Jewish knowledge or literary influences. For many among the new immigrants the Israeli absorption center takes place of *hachshara*, the preliminary training for the new life. May their coming be blessed, their coming and the loyalty which has overcome Nebuzardadan. May their flame not die down and their hearts be turned to Jerusalem — the heavenly Jerusalem and the earthly Jerusalem and all that both have made possible in this fatherland of ours and our newcomers, this fatherland to which we trust they will make their own rich contribution in many a field.

Together with them, we must be aware that they are only the vanguard and that innumerable others who remained behind yearn for the aliya which is not permitted them. Their choked cries come to us from prison cells and solitary confinement, from insane asylums and cruel exile, both in Soviet Russia and the Arab lands — whether they demand the right to come to Israel or their voices are stifled by despair. We must heed the plea that lives in their cry and in their silence; we must not rest until their lives reach fulfilment here among us.

In the face of all this we are even more deeply grieved by the fact that the human needs we must deal with outstrip the efforts of our governmental, municipal and public institutions. At times our constructive endeavours may even interfere with each other and intriguing hands have succeeded in setting brother against brother. Who can honestly take upon himself responsibility for determining whether priority should be given to the poor of the land or to brothers knocking at our gates? It is for us to plan so effectively, to insist so strongly, to muster the requisite strength so expeditiously, that we will be able — in brotherly love and justice — to provide for the basic needs of young families here and of newcomers as well.

It is all the more shattering and dreadful that at this very time those shortcomings which from the beginning of our nation-building persist on the margins of our society have, as it were, taken their revenge; neglect and corruption and deceit in one place and another. It is as if the bitter warning of our greatest poet has come true: when "in the ruin of the heart the *mezuzah* is unfit," then "demons dance about."

There is nothing more vital or precious for our people than intensification of our sense of oneness. In the State of Israel, recipient of the love and aid of Jews everywhere, there are gathered together representatives of every Jewish diaspora and every culture, in a diversity greater than has characterized any Jewish community since the fragmentation of our people. Unification of social forces is in fact one of the dominant and hopeful trends of this age, as confirmed by the responsible and thoughtful. And we in the very dawn of our autonomy dare not cling to the divisive legacy of the past. The mighty tree of our freedom grows from the roots of a scattered people; it is watered by healing springs over all the world; its sap rises from the depths of an ancient heritage. This common source and summit of their lives is what we must help our sons and daughters to remember, over and above differences of expression, origin and culture. We must approach each other with tolerance and intensest effort to narrow every social, religious, political gap. We must find oneness in the mystery of Israel's eternity.

In unity and in ardent quest of peace let us enter this final year of the first quarter century of our reborn independence. Jerusalem, April 1972.

Israel and her Arab neighbours were closer to agreement on many points than they are today, says Police Minister Shlomo Hillel. The Iraq-born Minister made the point to senior members of The Jerusalem Post staff, in a discussion on Arab-Jewish relations.



arabs

and jews

WE'VE all radically changed our thinking since the Six Day War about our relations with the Arabs, says Mr. Hillel. Until the big crisis with Egypt five years ago, we thought that the more time passed, the better things would become—a kind of creeping normalization. We also thought that in order to help the Arabs get used to us, we should try to make agreements on minor matters—like a rabies control accord with Jordan. These things would add up, we thought, something like scoring points in a boxing match instead of winning by a knockout.

Until the crisis came, everyone thought that given another five years, even if the whole problem might not be solved, at least we should have made some giant steps forward. When the war came, therefore, there was not only sorrow about the fighting and the bloodshed, but disappointment at the disruption of normalization. But, says Mr. Hillel, that process was more apparent than real, and looking back now, we can see that there were many basic things on which we were actually closet to agreement in 1949 than in 1967. Certain things which we decided not to insist on in 1949 seemed infinitely more remote two decades later, whereas if we had been more insistent in 1949, we may well have got what we wanted.

In the Minister's view, it was the mistaken concept that time is the great healer which caused the whole crisis in 1967. At the Rhodes negotiations in 1949, we were unable to clear up all the outstanding questions. We believed those phrases in the introductions to the armistice agreements that spoke of peace and were satisfied to leave the unsettled problems to the peace negotiations we expected to follow.

The paradox, according to Mr. Hillel, is that after the 1967 war there were no moves towards agreement, but that since there were no intermediaries and interim agreements, direct contact was established. First, between us and the Arabs living here, and then through them, between us and the

Jordanians. Even the network of relations between us and the Egyptians and Syrians has developed into something more direct than it was before the Six Day War. The whole complicated U.N. armistice machinery, with three Israeli and three Arab representatives and the U.N. man in the middle, simply doesn't exist any more.

Five years ago, Mr. Hillel points out, no one was talking peace agreement any longer. All we wanted was that things should stay as they were—even with the same little problems. But it is his opinion that if war had not come over the Tiran Straits, it would have broken out over the Jordan sources in the north, or some other dispute, because we had reached an absurd relationship with the Arabs, which was bound to lead to a clash.

TURNING to Israeli thinking today, Mr. Hillel says we are adamant about reaching clear, defined agreements instead of just patching things up as we did in 1949. This is where there has been a basic change in the way we view our relations with the Arabs.

SOMETHING else we have grasped since the Six Day War—although we have given way a little on this—is that even if an intermediary between the Arabs and ourselves may help over an interim settlement, he will not increase the chances of a permanent settlement.

Despite his earlier negation of the healing qualities of time, the Minister admits that now, after 1967, he feels that the passage of the years is having a positive effect. Not only because we are living in peace, but also because the prospects for a genuine settlement between Israel and the Arabs are improving.

But when it comes to the question of a final settlement, he warns, we must not lump all the Arab states together. The present state affairs is good compared to what existed under Nasser's domination over the Arab world—which he reached, in part,

through exploitation of the Israeli issue. Today, our relations with Jordan, Syria and Egypt are all different. This is a more normal situation than the one existing before the Six Day War.

Mr. Hillel sees positive trends within the various Arab states. Egypt, for example, is less eager than formerly to dominate the Arab world and more concerned with its own problems. It will certainly be easier to reach a settlement with Sadat than it would have been with Nasser. The myth that Nasser took the chances of peace with him to his grave has been exploded. It is not still certain that Sadat is capable of making peace, but there is no doubt that under him, the process of rationalization in our relations with the Arabs has speeded up.

The Minister recalls some of the things we used to say about the Arab world: "What do you expect, they're not rational. They can't act according to cold calculations. They're impulsives. All they care about is face." But, he says, perhaps we were wrong—or perhaps things have changed.

Today, it would certainly be wrong to say that the Arab leaders are guided only by impulse. For almost two years now, there has only been one serious incident on the Canal—the shooting down of an Israeli Stratorcruiser. This shows that there is an ability to weigh things up and decide if they are worth while.

The Minister emphasizes that this strengthened element of rationalism must be taken into account in any survey of a future prospects. It is this element which has brought us closer either to a settlement or to war.

Of course, he observes, the process is in a different stage in each of the Arab states. In Syria it is infinitesimal; in Jordan it has gone much further. Reverting to the question of Egypt, he points out that even if the leadership there is much more reasonable than before, we cannot yet be certain that it is free of the Nasser heritage of "not an inch."

Except for the first month, the whole of the cease-fire has been during Sadat's rule. It is doubtful

that it would have lasted so long under his predecessor. The fact that Nasser agreed to it does show some logical consideration; but the eagerness with which he violated it, in its very first hours, makes it doubtful whether it really suited his interests.

AS far as Israel's territorial demands are concerned, the Minister declares the Minister, these can certainly be said to conform with the rational demands of the Egyptians. Israel's legitimate, rational demands in Sinai can be reconciled with the legitimate, rational needs of Egypt.

He feels that there has definitely been some progress towards accepting the fact that Israel exists and that Egypt must live with her, for better or worse; that she cannot be destroyed, and that she isn't a nation of devils. This approach involves forgetting a lot of history, and acknowledging the fact that the Arabs were responsible for the war, and that Israel won the war by her prowess and not because the Americans pulled some sort of trick.

Of course says Mr. Hillel, there can never be a reconciliation if the Egyptians stick to their habitual irrational line that the whole of Sinai is "Arab land" (in the same way that the Tiran Straits were "Arab waters"), that the Arabs never lost the war, that Israel is an aggressor by reason of her existence, and that there is no possibility of talking to her. But if they free themselves from this emotional approach, then the next step is to reach a reasonable settlement.

He sees political thinking in the Middle East as already moving in this direction. For example, the whole idea of the partial settlement for the opening of the Suez Canal is based on the assumption that we recognize that a legitimate Egyptian problem is involved. But we want to be in a position in which the Egyptians will not be able to play any tricks on us. And the formula for Sinai is very specific on at least one thing—freedom for Israel navigation in the Tiran Straits. An Egyptian presence or domination at Sharm e-Sheikh is a

real danger to this freedom. An Israeli presence there is a danger at all to Egypt.

The possibility of a settlement should not be put into thinking that the Arabs are here, and that the road is clear and open, warns Mr. Hillel. There are still many sub-factors at work. There is no doubt that Jarring's move in February, 1971, calling for Israeli withdrawal, had the negative effect as the behavior of the U.N. observers, who the Arabs to understand that they would settle the problem for them.

Jarring was a positive influence as long as he was content to make piecemeal progress, the Minister. But when he said that things were moving slowly, and said that he was answer to all the questions, was killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. By taking short cut, he has delayed for at least a year.

Mr. Hillel regards the plan forward in 1969 by Secretary of State William Rogers as being in the same category of destructive elements. But this does not mean that all international relations are unnecessary. A match is sometimes needed to bring parties together.

This is what our big argument with the Americans was. We wanted them to provide good offices, but not to say they would settle the whole matter on their own. Paradoxical though, even if the movement towards a partial settlement through these good offices is deadlocked, the contribution towards a settlement is greater if the Americans were to hurry the process by playing a more active role.

ASKED if his belief in the process of rationalization amongst the Arabs applied to Jordan and Samaria, Mr. Hillel says that both Arabs and Israelis have emotional links with these which complicated matters. These links could not be ignored.

Mr. Hillel, at right, with Jerusalem Post interviewers. Counter-clockwise from left are diplomatic correspondent Bonnie Hope, editor Ted M. Lurie, Arab affairs reporter Alan Safadi (back to camera), Mr. Hillel, deputy editor, Les Ben-Dor, assistant editor Erwin Frankel, managing editor Ari Roth, and Zvi Rafiah, Mr. Hillel's political adviser. Photos by David Harris

(Continued from page 4)

it was still possible to reach a solution which will take into account the practical needs and emotions of both sides.

The Minister stressed that "there is no permanence in politics" and just as Israel's position had changed with changes in the political constellation, so it may change again in new circumstances. There were conditions that Israel would have agreed to in 1947 which were unacceptable by 1949, and some things which were considered possible in 1967 can no longer be considered. In 1967 there was a feeling that the Arabs would not make war again, after their traumatic defeat. Israel may have been ready for more concessions than it is now, with the terror campaign and the war of attrition behind us. The deepening of the Soviet involvement in Egypt is another factor which makes it legitimate to say that we've changed our minds.

The effects on policy of the changing circumstances are especially important in our relations with Jordan, says Mr. Hillel. New facts are being created all the time and it is impossible to predict their consequences.

"In 50 years time, to give an exaggerated, hypothetical example," says Mr. Hillel, "Hussein's grandchild may come to mine and say your grandfather said this or that. It would of course be totally irrelevant. And it doesn't have to be 50



years. Things develop a momentum of their own and new realities are created, because of security or emotional or other reasons.

"It is impossible to keep things in deep freeze for long in the Middle East. The climate doesn't permit it," says Mr. Hillel.

He does not believe that the coming five years will see changes in circumstances which would radically alter the legitimate interests of Egypt or Israel in Sinai. But in Judea and Samaria things are dynamic, not static because of the population, and conditions are already changing.

The attempt to find the golden mean between the legitimate demands—rational and emotional—of the Israelis and the Arabs will always continue. But the mean itself will always vary, according to reality, says Mr. Hillel.

One of the changes is the collapse of the belief that it was not the Arab governments but the people who could never come to terms with the existence of Israel. This has now been shown to be false, especially in Judea and Samaria, where we were always told that the population hated Hussein and his Legionnaires because they protected Israel from the wrath of the Palestinians.

The same thing used to be said about Egypt—Ben-Gurion once said that if Nasser made peace he would never be able to go home. To the extent that this was true, it was just a reflection of the incitement of the regimes against Israel. The fact that we have shown this concept to be untrue makes it easier for the Arab

regimes to make peace with us. The Arabs are no longer obsessed with hatred of Israel, if they ever were. In the latest riots in Egypt, the authorities tried to divert the students by saying that the country was in danger. But this is not what the riots were about—they were about internal affairs.

Of course, things cannot change overnight, and although the situation is encouraging, it must be remembered that the years of incitement and propaganda have left an accumulated residue.

The incitement and propaganda could only have an effect because of the belief that Israel was weak and on the verge of collapse, which in itself was a product of this propaganda. Before 1967, the "temperature" of the Arabs in the "occupied areas" of

today was kept up by the illusion that all that was needed was another bomb or another economic boycott to get rid of Israel for once and for all.

The main factor in neutralizing incitement and propaganda, according to Mr. Hillel, has been the demonstration that coexistence and cooperation between Arabs and Jews can and does work. This new relationship already seems perfectly natural to the Arabs. He mentions the example of a businessman in East Jerusalem who told him that, even after the Israelis leave, he wants the same economic relations to continue. Once such a process has started, it is self-perpetuating, says the Minister.

Mr. Hillel believes that there

(Continued on page 6)

ON THIS YOUR 24th INDEPENDENCE DAY, WE SHARE YOUR JOY AND STAND WITH YOU TO COMPLETE THE TASKS AHEAD. UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

HILLEL

(Continued from page 5)

and Jews today than ever before, and the closer and more direct the contacts, the easier it is to cooperate and get used to the idea of coexistence.

One of the important effects of this close contact has been a tendency among the Arabs to become more realistic, more self-critical, and less susceptible to the belief that Israel will be eliminated one day by some sort of magical "hocus focus". In the early days after the war, the price of Israeli currency dropped every time Dr. Jarring or some other intermediary from the U.N. or elsewhere came to Jerusalem. After all, what would it be worth when Jordan took over again? Nowadays, they greet these mediation efforts with healthy scepticism, having realized that it will take more than a U.N. commission of inquiry to get rid of Israel.

As an example of this newly-developed faculty of self-criticism, Mr. Hillel recalls an article in "El Kuds" bitterly criticizing the objections of certain Arab governments to the export of West Bank produce to Arab countries. The article was entitled "The Cucumber and the Palestine Problem" — an obvious parody says the Minister, of the old joke about the elephant and the Jewish problem.

Obviously, the effect of close contact with Israel is strongest on those Arabs under Israeli administration. But through them and the constant interchange of visits with other Arab countries new ideas cannot but spread in the Arab world. It is important that, for the first time, the facts that Israelis are not monsters and that it won't be a simple matter to get rid of them, are being allowed to circulate freely. And in addition to the effect that this must have on the population at large, Israeli attitudes are also reaching the governments of Arab countries through the leaders of Judea and Samaria, who have talks here with Israeli officials and then go and report on them in the Arab capitals.

The daily contact with the Palestinians has also had its effects on the Israelis, says Mr. Hillel. And one of the most important is that these contacts have increasingly strengthened Israel's readiness to make efforts to find a solution to the Palestinian problem even though this may involve some sacrifice of the powerful emotional links Israelis have with Judea and Samaria.

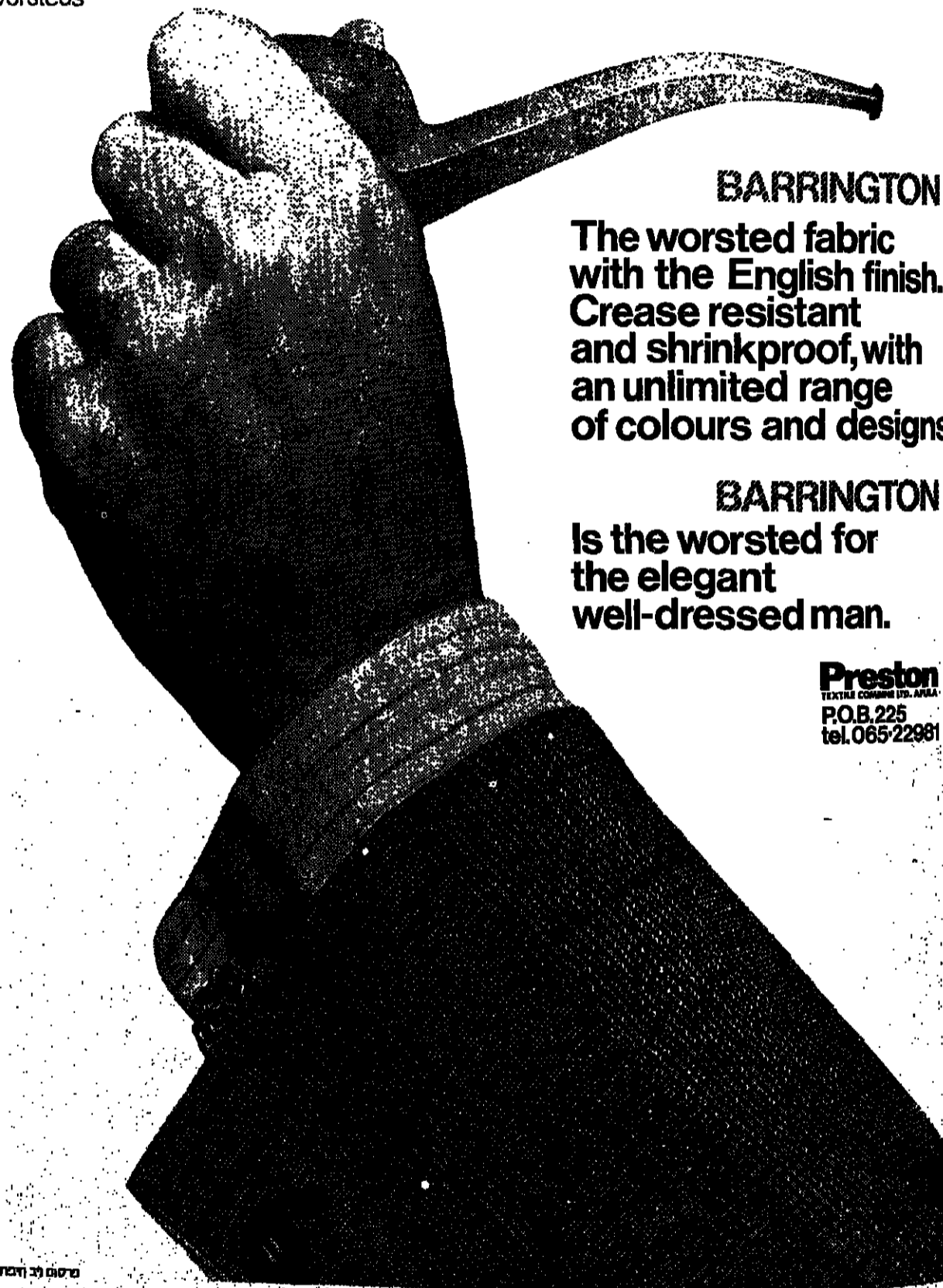
It was the Zionist awakening, the Minister points out, which led to the Palestinian national awakening, and the history which the two movements have in common has left a residue which makes us much more sensitive than any Arab people to the problems of the Palestinians.

Although a large Arab minority was always considered as a possibility before 1947, Mr. Hillel believes today that under present conditions such a situation would have more negative than positive aspects. It is therefore in the interests of both sides to find a solution which avoids this and which includes an answer to the national needs of the Palestinians or a large majority of them.

He stresses again, however, that this evaluation will have to be amended as time goes on. He believes that is wrong to announce what Israel is prepared to do now as if it is a hard and fast decision for all time. If this impression is created, the Arabs will think that if they are going to get territory back anyway, they may as well fight, and perhaps get more. They must understand that changing facts will alter reality. Prospects which exist today may not exist tomorrow. Leaving the options open makes for dynamic development; if they are closed, the motivation for making peace becomes more remote.



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Children of the Abu Twaileh Beduin tribe pay a visit to their neighbours at Dikla.

SETTLING IN GAZA

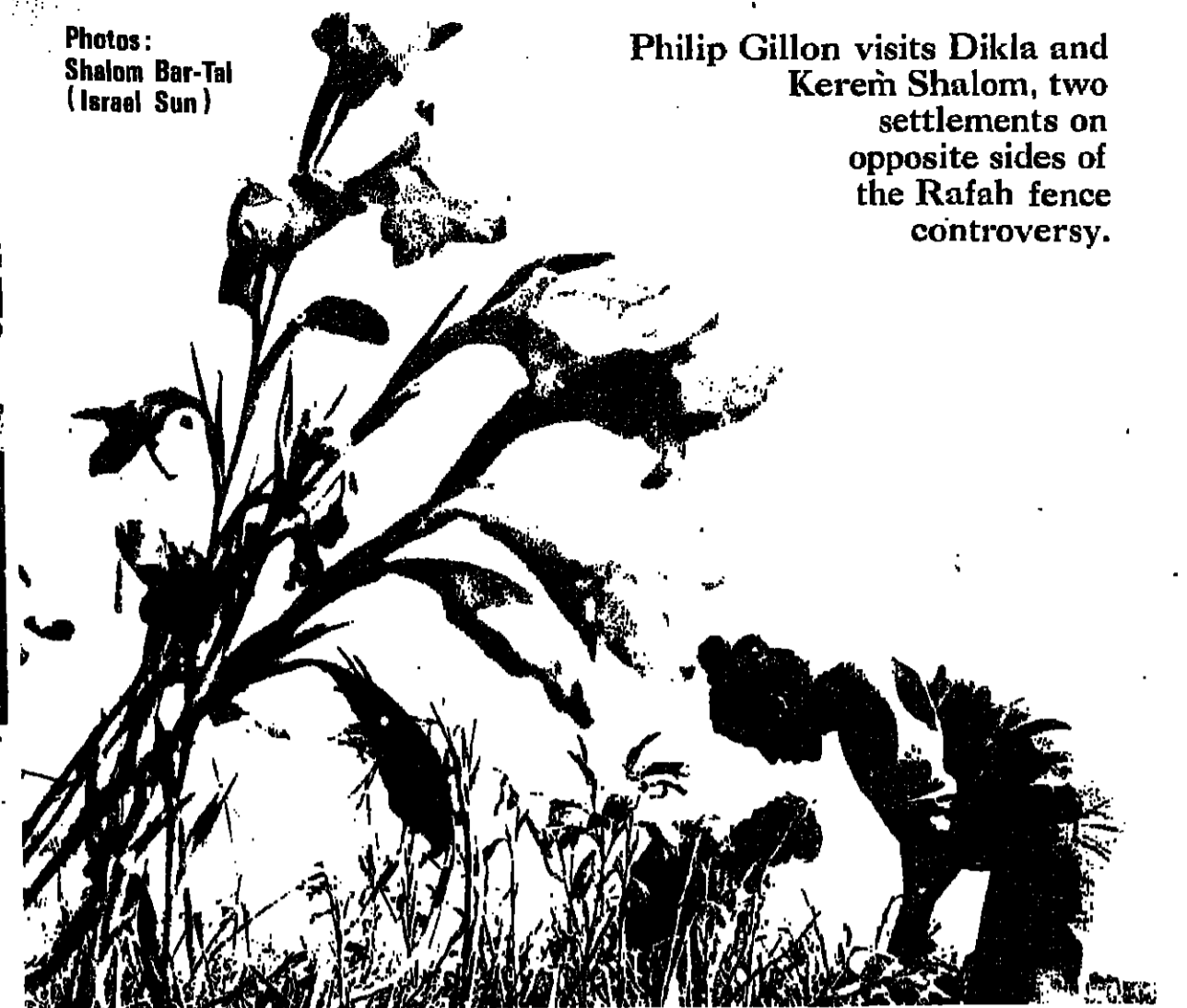
IATE intervened to prevent my travelling to the Western Negev last Friday, as originally intended. Friday turned out to be the hottest *sharav* in the area, and was combined with a savage sandstorm straight out of a "Beau Geste" picture; by Saturday the wind had changed to an invigorating prevailing breeze off the Mediterranean, and the temperature had dropped from 37 degrees to a mere 28.

Dikla seemed very empty and packed when I arrived, but I managed to find a young man named Gershon, a member of the moshav studying at Beersheva University, who explained that most of the members were down at the beach. He agreed to take me there, and we drove along a surprising macadamised road, covered in places by piles of sand deposited by the storm the day before, but otherwise in very good condition. The road went right down to a parking place next to a nearly perfect beach; its perfection was marred by some of the inevitable traces of black tar. Clumps of elegant palms made the beach seem straight out of "Robinson Crusoe," an effect marred by a high and unattractive fence, at which I sneered in disgust, under the misapprehension that this was the fence erected by the Army to drive the Beduin off their land. Young men and women sat in groups on the white sands; the sea was full of youthful swimmers.

Gershon handed me over to a bright young man named Adi, who told me that he was the former "foreign minister" of Dikla, happily out of office for the last two months but still a member of the executive of the moshav shittuf. When I said something about the fence, he explained that this was not the fence which had provoked so much excitement, but a continuation of the fence which runs along the "green line" around the Gaza Strip.

I commented on how pleasant it was to interview somebody on so pleasant a beach, and he turned from foreign minister into minister of tourism: "We've got one of the best beaches in the country, only 81 kms. from Ashkelon, when I had boasted in the same way about our plans for the future to a visiting American journalist, and he had implored me to abandon our publicity campaign. "If you find a spot like this, you keep very quiet about it," he said. "Otherwise you end up with nothing but a Coca-Cola sign." He might have added an oil port in this warning. When I told Adi this story, he was most unim-

Photos: Shalom Bar-Tal (Israel Sun)



Girls work on Dikla's flower export crop, under a hot spring sun.

pressed, and went on talking enthusiastically about attracting hordes of money-spending characters to the spot. I asked where the traces of far came from — the tankers at Ashkelon are 100 kms. to the north, and, according to theory, the oil and tar traces move northward — and he assured me that they only suffer immediately after storms, most of the time the beach is as white as virtue.

Talking of virtue and the lack of it brought me naturally to the problem of the expulsion of the Beduin, in an action condemned by an Army investigation commission.

"The Government has plans to set up two settlements in this area," he explained, "on the land that the Beduin were using. But the land belonged to the Egyptian Government, not to the Beduin, they were only allowed by the Egyptian to plant one-seasonal crops like wheat, and to

graze crops. Israelis didn't interfere, and the Beduin saw a chance, and planted fruit trees. I've seen the trees, and not one tree is more than three years old.

"When it was decided to take over the Land for Jewish settlements, the Military Government gave the Beduin notice they had to move. This was repeated again and again, the period getting shorter and shorter. At last they were given 72 hours, then 24 hours, then the Army came in to expel them. You know what soldiers are like; some of them may have acted harshly, smacked a Beduin, or something like that. Nobody approves of such actions. But the fact remains that the Beduin had no right to the land."

What land is involved, I asked. "About 40,000 dunams. There's some between us and Rafah, some between Rafah and Khan Yunis, some on the other side of the Strip."

"They want development. Lisan, we're going to solve the refugee problem. Israel is building a *shikun* for 5,000 refugee families in Rafah, and they all want to move in. Their attitudes have changed completely in the last five years; at first they were suspicious of ideas to settle them, now they want it. Our relations with Rafah are excellent; we go in there regularly for coffee, our mechanic is there. Three Arabs work for us on Saturdays at 'Shabbos gava.' We're the best of friends with the Beduin. The refugees and the Arabs of the Strip are tired of being cut off, they want economic development, and prosperity, and progress. Jewish settlement will bring it to them, and they know it."

"There was no secret about the plans to build a Jewish town and Jewish settlements. The Jewish Agency Settlement Department had been working on it for a year; everybody knew about it. There may have been some high-handed incidents during the move — incidentally, the Beduin were moved to a perfectly good site, with water-holes prepared for them — but there was nothing wrong in the decision."

We moved to less controversial ground — the future of Dikla. The members all belong to Betar, coming from Israel, the U.S.A., Canada, South



Riding to work in vegetable fields, with typical Gaza landscape in the background.

(Continued on page 10)

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THE JERUSALEM POST

WEEKLY OVERSEAS EDITION

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 Roy Brody

The settlers of the Western Galilee moshav Zar'it, on the Lebanese border, have had their full share of troubles with terrorists. They also have a long list of economic complaints, the most serious of which is that they don't have enough land to live as farmers. *The Post's* YA'ACOV ARDON visited the settlement last week to listen to their problems.



Settlers at work clearing rocks from land. The Jewish Agency's settlement department says there's just not enough land which can be improved

UNDER the name of Kfar Rosenwald, the moshav is relatively unknown. But that is the name that appears on many official documents dealing with the settlement, between Shetullah and Netuah on the hills facing the Lebanese border. "Rosenwald" is William Rosenwald, the American philanthropist who donated a substantial sum when the village was established about five years ago. It is as Zar'it that the settlement has made headlines, with disturbing frequency. Its first appearance in the press was at the end of 1968, when it was shelled, and when terrorist snipers fired at it. Then its road was mined. In February, a Zar'it couple was killed in a terrorist ambush while

they were on their way home to their three children. And last month, the nation heard of Zar'it again when the settlers left their honours for a week, to protest against the shortage of arable land and in ability to earn a living. * * * PHYSICALLY, Zar'it is an enchanting place, 800 metres above sea level, the same altitude as Safed. Driving there, you turn east 15 kms. south of Rosh Hanikra and climb uphill after passing Shomera. The air becomes perceptibly cooler as you approach the ridge, and the border. The moshav has a splendid balcony view of the surrounding area, the Galilee hills and ridges

to the south, and the neighbouring settlements. "Yes, we have plenty of scenery and plenty of fresh, clean air," remarked one of the settlers this week. "But it's just not enough to live on." The rocky landscape and the economic facts of life at Zar'it. One of the sources of income which the Jewish Agency Settlement Department planners proposed for this moshav was a mink farm. Mink breeding is a fairly new farming pursuit in Israel. The planners probably thought that the animals would produce fine furs in the cold Galilee winter. They told the settlers it was an experiment and that the Agen-

cy would bear the cost. But the planners, ignorant of zoology, did not take the border hazards into account. Lynn Maman, a pretty blonde blue-eyed mother of three from Cornwall, helps her husband look after the minks. "They are vicious animals when they escape. They go for the chickens and on one night managed to kill two hundred of them. When a shell comes from across to border, they are frightened and refuse to mate. And the females kill the young. Even the noise of a truck on the road (a few metres away) affects them," she says. "The minks eat meat offal, and that's expensive, 70 agora a kilogramme."

Financially, mink farming has been a flop, the settlers say. The seven families who chose to try it out stand to lose an investment of three years of time and labour unless the picture changes quickly. Lynn Maman has lost hope, and would like to give it up and go elsewhere. "The minks are not the settlers' only complaint. For a long time we have been asking for a geological survey of the area to see whether there is any land that we can cultivate. Our orchard is tending collectively, but only 10 per cent is on really good land, and it isn't enough for a substantial crop," one settler said.

(Continued on page 14)



Na'ari Der'at: "If only we could make a decent living."

Ya'acov Der'at: Cost is from chronic knee ailment.

Irit: The weight of the problems show on her face.



Pool of water in the chicken run: disease has decimated the flocks.

Zar'it

(Continued from page 13)

From several settlers comes the following, in almost identical words: "Before we came up here, we had a meeting of the prospective settlers. We were promised 11 dunams for each family for fruit trees, and 2,400 chickens. They told us we would earn a fair living."

These promises were not kept, the settlers say. They have not received half of the good land they were told they would get.

Chicken farming, done by each family individually, has not been a success. Disease has hit the chickens with alarming frequency, once because the chicks supplied were suffering from a congenital defect. The agency compensated them, he settlers agree, but only for the chicks and

the fodder, and not for the loss of their work and time.

Another cause of disease in the chicken runs was poor drainage, the result of poor planning, construction or both. The rain does not run off, and the stagnant, foul puddles kill off the chickens.

Again, the settlers say they are not to blame and perhaps it was even to their benefit that they received only 1,000 chickens, instead of the 2,400 promised to them. Had more chickens perished, their debts would be even higher. As it is, losses from chicken farming are said to total IL130,000. Many have given it up.

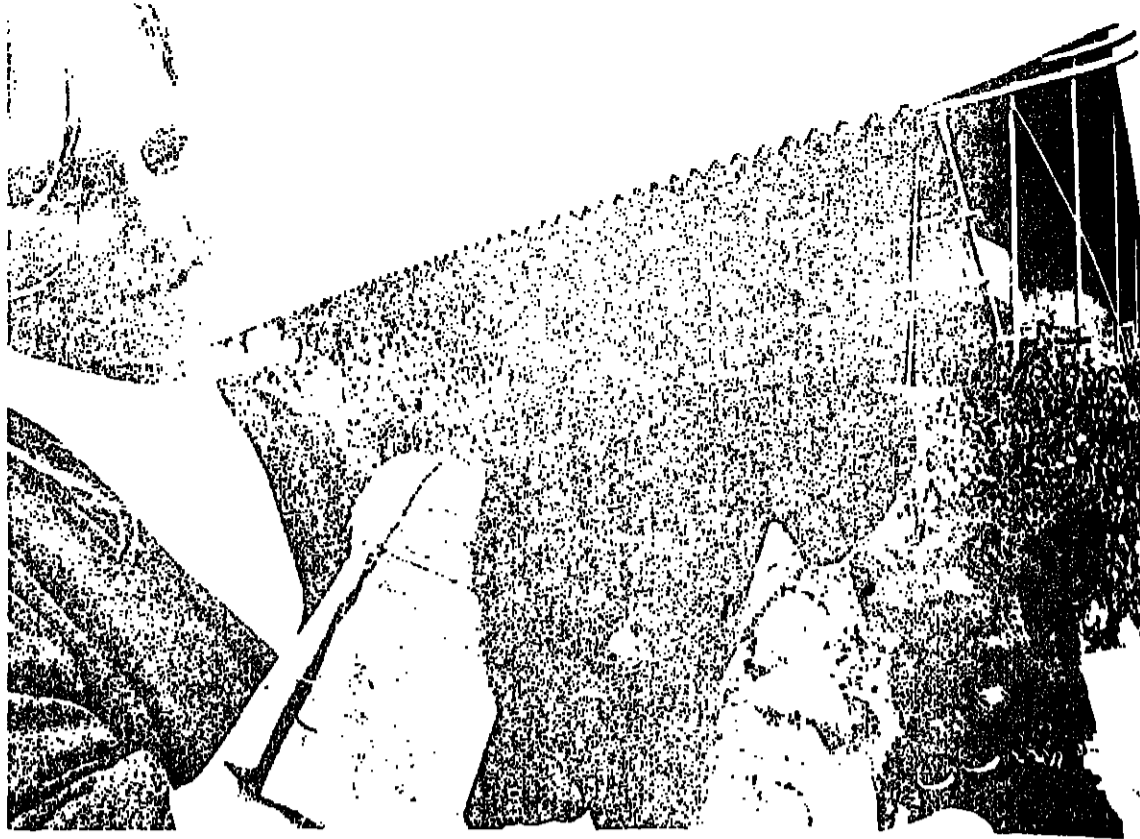
HOW, then, do the settlers keep their heads above water? "By becoming wage-earners, by taking whatever work we can find," they say. The chairman of the Local Committee, Yehuda Ben Simhon, is a social worker at Ma'alot, his wife the nurse at the local clinic. Ya'acov Der'el, an amateur cabinetmaker and gifted painter in his spare time, is a teacher. Many of the menfolk work in the security forces, where the pay is low, but steady.

Still, many of the men have vehicles of one kind or another. How can they afford it? The answer is that they cannot afford to be without cars. "We have three buses a day from here. In practice we can use only two. The third leaves at 4.30 in the afternoon and there is no bus back. Without a car you can't take an outside job. We save on food, but we must have the car."

It is clear that outside jobs are not to their liking. They came to Zar'it expecting to be farmers, and that's what they still want to be.

With so many discouraging experiences, and the tense security situation, it is perhaps surprising that the settlers' patience did not snap earlier. And how is it that their neighbours — whose condition, they say, is not much

better — stay on without a murmur? Nuri Der'el, originally from Kiryat Tivon, has forthright answers. "We love Zar'it. We don't want to leave. I for one want to live in Galilee. If only we can make a more decent living, I was against the demonstrative departure for a week but the majority was for it, and I agree that things here are unsatisfactory... As for our neighbours, there they have the *hamish* (clean) system, where one man runs the show, where the women aren't even asked. They have no vote. And there just isn't any opposition. But here we have *kibbutzniks* and *sabras* and women who speak their minds."



Lynn Maman with milk, and dog trained to sound the alarm if any of the fur-bearing animals escape.



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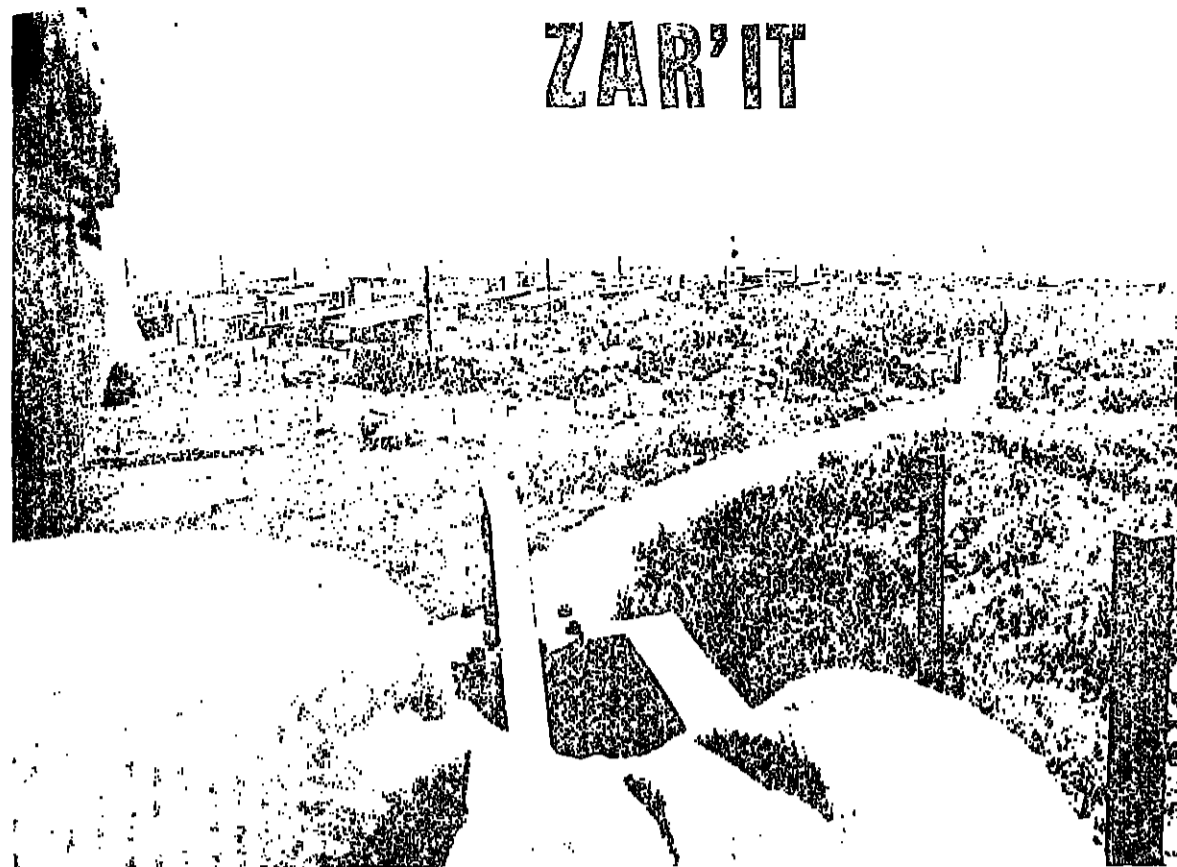
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The settlement, as seen from its watchtower. Zar'it's residents are very happy with their large, well-built houses, constructed by the Housing Ministry.

(Continued from page 14)

highly skilled and versatile "outside contacts man," with a gift of persuasion useful in high places. The Jewish Agency's Settlement Department seems more resistant to pleas from Zar'it, they say.

Fifteen families have left Zar'it in the past couple of years and more seem ready to leave. It would be a shame to see Zar'it cease to exist. The young people there have settled on an inhospitable hill, under conditions of hardship, on the border. It would seem that they deserve more attention, more help and encouragement than they have received.

ACCORDING to the Settlement Department spokesman, continuing negotiations with the Zar'it settlers are at a standstill because the villagers insist that they be provided with additional land before considering the possibility of setting up an industrial plant as a source of livelihood.

The spokesman, Mrs. Esther Shor, told *The Post* that Zar'it had been promised the first land available. But, she said, "this is a long-term proposition." There is no suitable acreage available at Zar'it itself, she said. "There just isn't that much good land to be had in those hills," Mrs. Shor said.

The Zar'it men and women speak with a note of admiration and envy about Ramot Naftali (27 years old), where every family has 16.5 dunams of good land, 600 turkeys, and an annual income of IL50,000. "I would be glad if we could earn half that," says Nuri Der'el.

Ramot Naftali, they say, has a

Why hadn't this been known five years ago, when Zar'it was established? The settlements were set up quickly. It was in the national interest to establish Israeli villages on our side of the Lebanese border." And the Zar'it settlers were more than anxious to go and settle on the border. Now, she noted, the Department doesn't make that error; it informs new settlers that they will have to have factories as well as farms.

The problems of existing agricultural ventures at Zar'it, she said, stem largely from the settlers' lack of farming experience. Most of the residents came to Zar'it from towns, and not from other rural communities. Meanwhile, the Settlement Department is investigating the string of disasters at Zar'it's chicken runs. The villagers' debts will be covered fully, if it turns out that the losses were due to faulty equipment, bad advice or defective stock.

There are also plans to double the size of the poultry venture, from 10 tons to 20 tons. This, in addition to an industry and the orchards, will provide the settlers with "a very good living," she maintained. Other villagers in the area understand this, and aren't complaining, she said.

"The problem of outside work is temporary," she said. The establishment of a factory would ease problems of transportation and isolation. "But," she adds, "they'll always have to travel — perhaps a considerable distance — to any new lands that they may get."

take, she granted.

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Moshav's women in the grocery: 'We may have to cut back on food, but we must have a car' to get to our outside jobs.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1972

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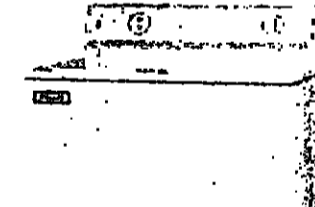
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THE Jerusalem Corridor has some of Israel's most impressive scenery. But the 50-odd settlements between the Vale of Avalon and Jerusalem, with their 15,000 residents, also have some of the country's most difficult problems which have persisted despite the surge of development in the area after the Six Day War.

Most of the villages perched atop Judean hillsides and nestled in its valleys were founded after 1948 as a direct result of the siege of Jerusalem. During the War of Independence, the lack of Jewish settlement along this major axis to Jerusalem — heading up from Bab el-Wad, at the foot of the Judean Hills — made access to the city difficult and dangerous; it left the city dependent for supplies on what could be trucked in by convoy, and the even smaller amount produced in the immediate environs.

The wave of settlement between 1948 and 1951 grew largely out of political and security reasons. The villages were put there to "establish the fact" of an Israeli presence in the corridor, and to stand guard on the narrow lifeline to the Capital. Economic considerations were secondary.

The Government believed relief work would be necessary to supplement settlers' incomes. It was obvious that they would not be able to get very far with farming on hilly terrain unsuited to modern farming methods.

Immigrant families with six and seven children originally had houses of 30 square metres, spread along the settlement's only road. In no place were there more than a few dunams of arable land. The people who were asked to farm here had little agricultural background, and even less technical knowledge.

The Settlement Department of the Jewish Agency decided that the 36 moshavim in the area would concentrate on the production of poultry and eggs, with fruit trees planted on the scant usable land available. At the time, not very much deciduous fruit — apples, peaches, plums and apricots — were produced in Israel, although there

was ample citrus from the coastal plain. Statistics showed that, at current prices, fruit and poultry would provide the novice farmers with a livelihood.

But others also realized the commercial possibilities of fruit-growing. And while the Judean Hill settlers were still clearing land to plant their trees, kibbutzim and moshavim throughout the country were already doing their own planting. The resulting ample supply of fruit pushed prices down.

In other parts of the country, the settlements could write off the fruit venture. New, more lucrative crops were planted on the coastal plain and in Galilee; in the hills there was no alternative. The terrain dictated what could be grown, and fruit prices have remained modest.

19 Years of poverty

The result was that for the 19 years between Statehood and the Six Day War, the settlements in the Jerusalem Corridor were among the country's poorest. The situation was worse in the moshavim than in the kibbutzim, which for a variety of reasons, including better geographical placement, were able to attain a certain degree of prosperity. The 11,000 hill moshav settlers, mainly from North Africa and Yemen, had an annual average income of IL5,000 per family in 1966, a figure which had remained more or less constant since the early 1950s. Suddenly, in 1970, the statistics showed that the average family — 6.2 persons — was earning nearly IL11,000 per annum, with some families earning as much as IL17,500.

This dramatic doubling of annual income is hard to explain, except that the farmers had meanwhile learned the job, and many now have sons who have grown up in Israel to help them.

Another answer given during a tour of the area last week was that it is a product of the post-1967 prosperity which the whole country has experienced. Binyamin Cohen, head of the Mate Regional Council, adds that the relative increase for the

hill settlers was less than that for other sectors of the population.

There has been a profound change in the lives of the settlers, who for 19 years lived a stone's throw away from the Jordanian border. But the now-found prosperity is again threatened if the Ministry of Agriculture decides finally to implement existing produce-control ceilings.

Most of the area's income comes from the sale and production of eggs. In 1971 alone, the settlements produced 168m. eggs, and sold them on a market which had a 40 million surplus. Ramat Raziel, a Herut moshav 20 miles from Jerusalem on the old "Burma Road," produced 17m. eggs, twice its quota; Kissalon's lions laid more than 13m. eggs, topping their quota by 5m. The effect of quota-enforcement would be disastrous; worse still would be the result of the possible imposition by the Ministry of Agriculture of a 5-agma-per-egg fine for over-stepping quotas. An alternate source of income has been found. Though it will drastically change the agricultural character of the settlement, it has the blessing of the Jewish Agency's Settlement Department.

In cooperation with Pan-Lon, an international construction-and-hotel firm, Ramat Raziel will erect an IL11m., 168-room motel, due to be completed in time for Israel's 25th anniversary celebrations. The Raziel-Pan Motel will be the first of many planned projects, aimed at capitalizing on some of the country's most breathtaking scenery to attract Israeli and foreign tourists.

It is surprising that the tourism and recreational potential of the area has not been exploited before; the kibbutzim of Ma'ale Hahamisha and Kiryat Anavim, and Moshav Shoshan all have successful guest houses, catering mainly to an Israeli clientele.

The Corridor has much to offer. It is not far from two major cities. It has many historical sites and national monuments. Its unique flora and fauna could keep nature buffs busy for weeks on end, and it is full of ideal spots

for afternoon picnics and weekend campouts.

The climate is another important asset. The air of the Judean Hills is ideal for asthma patients, and a clinic is planned at Givat Ye'arim, a Yemenite moshav near Kibbutz Zova (commonly called "Tsuba"), about 15 kms. from Jerusalem via Ein Kerem. And there could be few better places to escape the summer heat on the coast than in the cool hills of the Corridor.

Tourist facilities

Facilities are needed to attract tourists. To find out what can be done, the Jewish Agency's Settlement Department, the District Council, the Natural Reserve Authority and the Keren Kayemet commissioned a team headed by Shlomo Aronson, the architect who designed the Raziel-Pan Motel, to survey the area's potential. The impressive-looking document they produced indicates an annual demand for 760,000 beds for overnight accommodations, and a 3 million vacation-day yearly market for recreational sites. An additional ten swimming pools in the area could turn a profit, according to the study, and the establishment of a Regional Recreation Authority to coordinate planning is strongly recommended.

BUT tourism, despite the obvious potential, cannot do more than help some of the Corridor's settlements. An immediate answer to the region's agricultural woes is needed. The Settlement Department and Zvi Weininger, the able director of its Jerusalem Corridor section, have realized this; they continue to search for agricultural solutions to agricultural problems. The Department at present is primarily concerned with improving the living conditions of the settlers, both physically and economically.

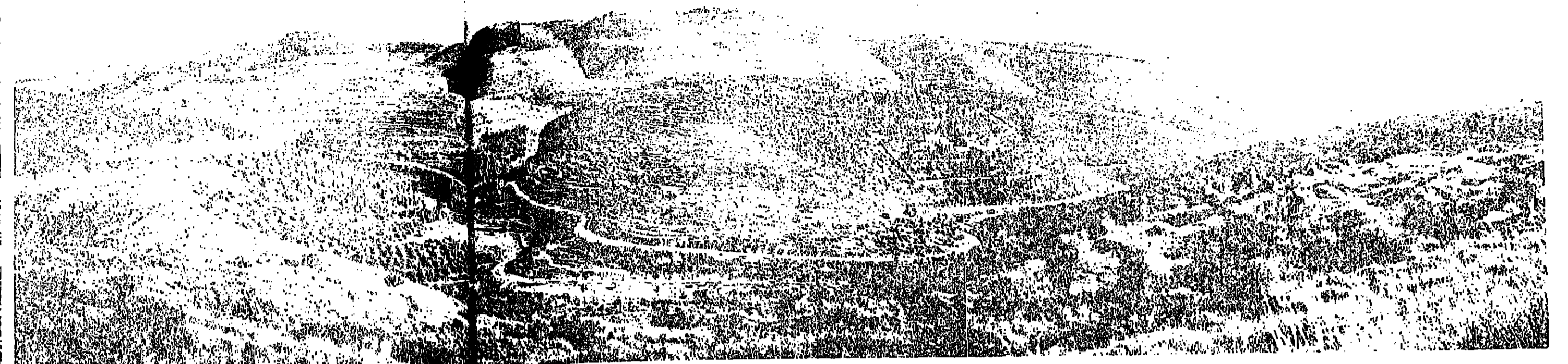
A visit to Bar Giora last week demonstrated how difficult conditions had been, and just how much the new wave of relative prosperity means in real terms to the settlers. The moshav — populated by families who arrived from Morocco in the early 1950s — stands on a hill top between

Mevo Betar and Nes Harim. Twenty-eight families, with an average of 7.5 children each, live in small box-like houses, tending slightly over 200 dunams of orchards. The chicken runs, which provide the rest of their income, are crammed into the middle of the village; some of the runs actually touch the walls of the houses. There is no room for expansion, no flat piece of ground in the vicinity where the runs could be moved, no room where an additional run could be built. The noise seems unbearable (residents say you get used to it after a couple of years), and the sanitary hazards are obvious. The settlers have lived under these conditions for more than 20 years.

But all this is changing. The Settlement Department has financed the levelling of plots in the area (about IL1m. is being spent this year on ground-leveling in the Corridor) and the runs are being moved several hundred metres away. The run being erected on these sites — financing is also by the Jewish Agency — are modern and easily adaptable to other purposes such as hatcheries. Some sheds have been completed, others are nearly finished. One hopes that it will not take long before flowers appear around the houses, and gardens replace the fine layer of chicken droppings which currently surround the houses.

The moshav has also acquired an orange grove about 40 kms. away, near Kiryat Gat. Expansion of the existing youth hostel, situated in empty houses, should result in social and economic gains. The empty houses are needed desperately for the children of the moshav, who now are faced with the alternatives of moving in with their parents or leaving the moshav when they come back from the army.

A drastic lack of room to build new housing is one of the major problems of all the Corridor's moshavim. Population is expanding, but when the children come of age and want their own homes, they find that there is no place to put them, and no additional land

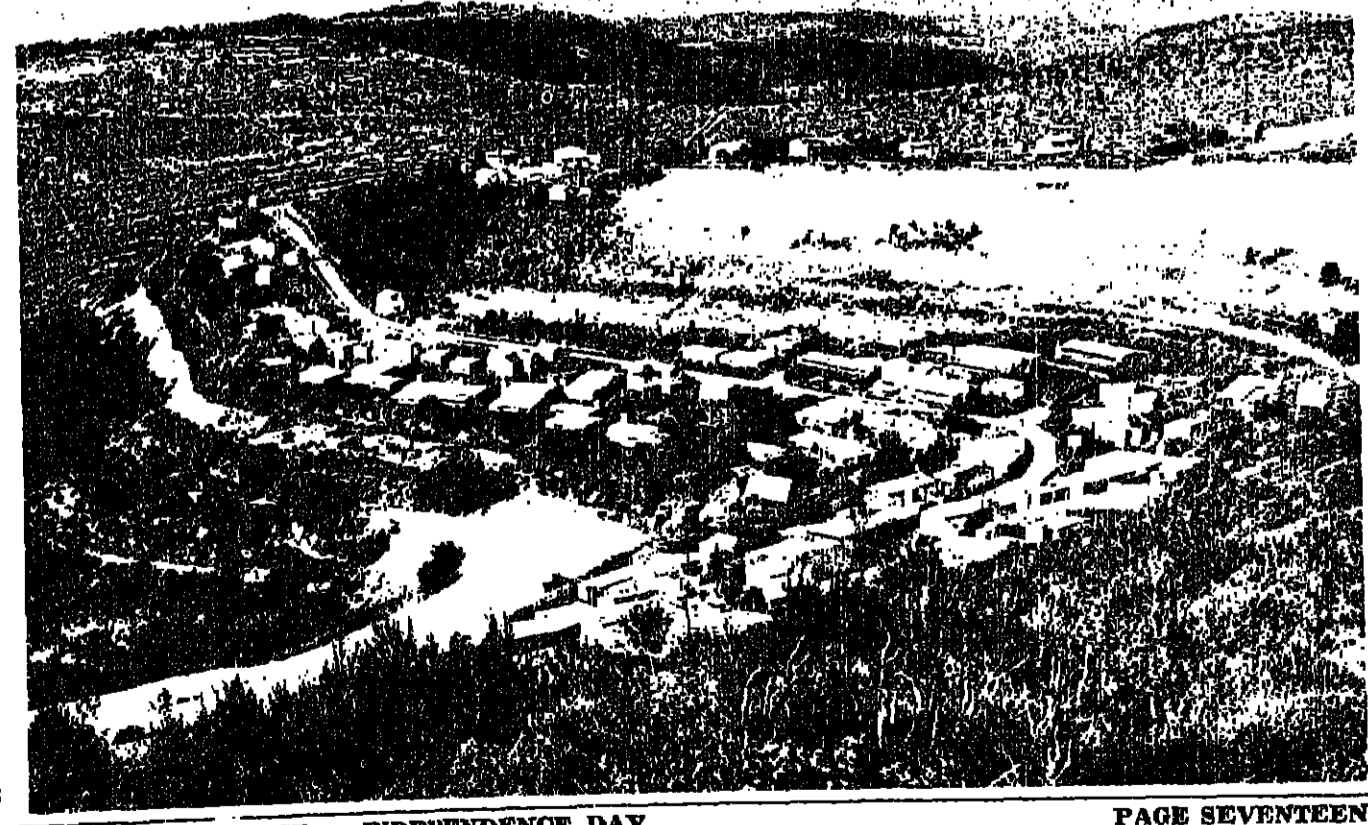


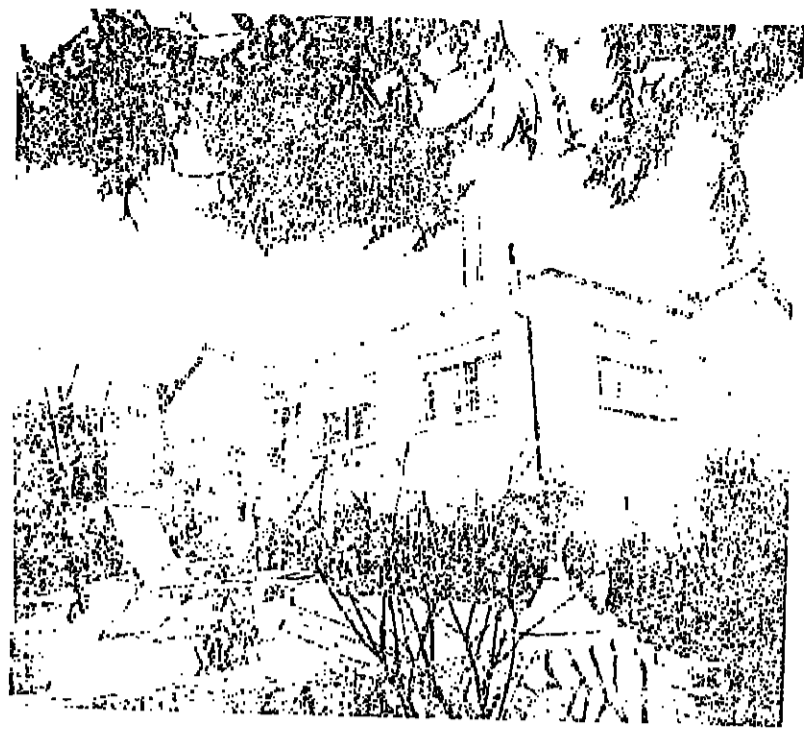
Panoramic view of contours of Judean countryside was taken by photographer Ze'ev Kadovan, from a hill on the Ein Kerem-Zova road. Centre right is the Safat Monastery.

For the first 19 years of their existence, the 50 villages in the Jerusalem Corridor were border settlements, set on inhospitable hilltops to guard the way to the Capital, without a viable economic base. The last five years of prosperity have improved the lot of these villages, but some very serious problems remain to be solved. HIRSH GOODMAN toured the Corridor last week. Here is his report.



Clockwise from upper right, Yemenite women at Khasalon, when it was a nu'bara in October, 1960; Khasalon today, with houses strung along both sides of the road, and steep slopes which prevent any development other than linear, swimming pools, like this one at Shoshan, are part of the plan for development of tourism in Corridor; and eggs, like these being loaded at Ramat Raziel, provide the major source of agricultural income for the settlements in the area. Kadovan (2), Rubinger (2)





House in Ramat Raziel, surrounded by tidy gardens and trees. (Rudovani)

Corridor

(Continued from page 18)

for the establishment of new shares in the settlement. Nor is there any prospect of them taking over homes and plots from others. Most of the settlers are still in middle age; in the whole area, only 186 are over the age of 62. Where will the 683 sons and 515 daughters between the ages of 18 and 25 live? The majority of the villages are populated by closed groups, made up of families from North Africa,



Nahum Rappaport's statue, which stands on a hill above Kissanon. (Rudovani)

Kurdistan and Yemen, where sons follow in the traditions of the father and the family unit has strong bonds. Sons demand the right to live near their parents so that they can help them in their old age, and in general to be part of the family unit. Few people leave the area — the stability of the population has been remarkable over the past 18 years.

The area now has 1,855 farming units, and long-term plans visualize 1,843 by 1985. But it is already clear that all least 2,053 will be needed to meet the demand.

The houses at Kissanon, another moshav, are lined up along both sides of a 4-km stretch of road. The only expansion possible is linear; the terrain slopes sharply on both sides of the highway.

Nearby is a stand of pine trees whose comb-like appearance from a distance earned them the Haganah code-name of "Hamtsrek" (The Comb). And above Kissanon, on a hill which on a clear day offers a view of the coastline from Tel Aviv to Ashdod, stands a little-known but very impressive monument. Two giant scrolls of

Chicken runs at Bar Glora. In photo above, the old ruins stand right next to houses inside the settlement. At right, some of the new runs, built on ground levelled by the Settlement Department. (Rudovani)

metal, forged by Nahum Rappaport, depict the hardships, tortures and suffering of the Jewish people, and were erected in memory to the Six Million. It was dedicated about a month ago. It is a pity that a work of art of this stature is hardly visited, and that this beautiful area is hardly known. The residents of Kissanon have placed great hopes in the monument. Perhaps it will attract people who may require services which they are only too willing to supply on a large, organized scale. It is not without envy that they speak about the prospects of their nearest neighbour, Ramat Raziel. "If only we had had the idea first," one of them said, "all our problems would be solved."

RAMAT Raziel is very different from most of the other Corridor villages. Founded by the I.Z.L. Jerusalem Brigade, its settlers are largely of European origin, whose lot seems better than that of their neighbours, because of their greater political acumen. The neat houses all have gardens and extra rooms, let out to holiday makers a large part of the year.

It spends IL10,000 a year on maintaining the public gardens, and the Local Committee has an easy-loan scheme for members temporarily short of cash.

While other moshavim face the future with fearful uncertainty, Ramat Raziel's members appear confident and prosperous. Their moshav is already well-off, and a planned motel plan seems to have bright prospects. The egg quota will hurt, but not to the extent that it will other settlements.

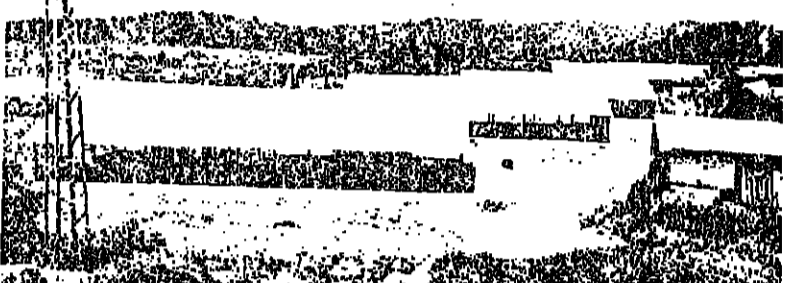
CHILDREN from the area attend 11 primary schools, two intermediate schools and two high schools (one religious). The agricultural school at Elin Karem also absorbs a percentage of children. The settlements have formed themselves into a well-organized central buying cooperative run by Yehezkiel Zakai of Ora. The cooperative also affords settlers easy credit and, by purchasing in bulk, has cut costs appreciably.

The moshavim and kibbutzim of the area have also established a huge regional services station at Haruv. The station has a communal garage and poultry slaughter house, and within the next few months it will open the most advanced fruit packing centre in the country. Machinery, ordered from Italy, arrived in the country last week and will be installed in time for the summer harvest.

Most of the settlements are small — 40 or 50 families — and communal development is expensive. The cost of internal roads has become prohibitive and few settlements have any sports facilities or meeting places for

the youth. At Kissanon this was one of the main complaints, and older settlers foresaw the start of a local "Black Panther" movement within the moshav. The children have no recreational facilities to keep them occupied after school. Many find their way down to Beit Shemesh or up to Jerusalem, where they acquire some of the problems of city youth.

The problem is finance. It was with some bitterness that one member of Kissanon noted that E'nal B'rit spent \$750,000 on a "white elephant" monument above the moshav, when a much smaller sum could have solved a serious and pressing problem by providing a small hall, and possibly a sports field, for the moshav's youth.



Still, the accomplishments of the past two decades are considerable. The Jewish Agency has pumped more than just money into the settlements. Understanding and goodwill have accompanied the grants. Guidance and patience have turned men with no agricultural experience into farmers. Several settlements, Ora

Our field of operations is the Jewish Diaspora, from the smallest to the largest, from the most recently established to the oldest of communities.

Our task... to bring Israel's achievements and problems in the fields of immigration, absorption and social welfare to the farthest corners of the Jewish world and to inspire Jewish communities everywhere to rejoice in the achievements and to share with Israel in the solution of the problems by generous contributions commensurate to the needs.

The devotion of Diaspora Jewry to Israel is exemplary. On the occasion of Israel's 24th Anniversary, KEREN HAYESOD-UNITED ISRAEL APPEAL, on behalf of the 69 countries throughout the world in which it is privileged to be active, extends to the people and the State of Israel its best wishes for continued strength and prosperity — and peace.



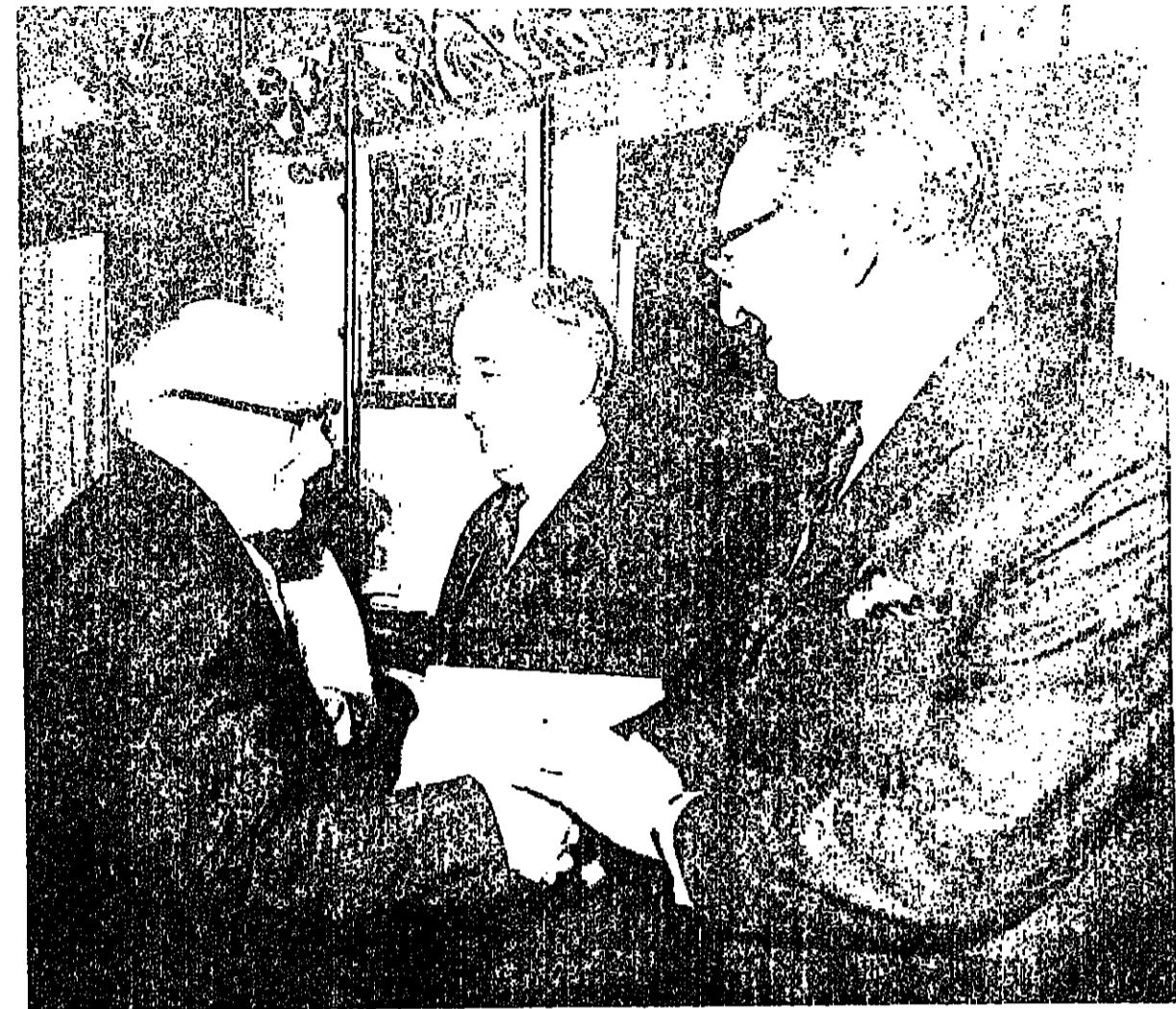
Keren Hayesod-United Israel Appeal

LSIS

From its beginning in 1929, the Jewish Agency for Israel (then called the Jewish Agency for Palestine) was the executive arm of the World Zionist Organization (founded in 1897), charged with the responsibility for "the establishment of a National Home for the Jewish People in Palestine, secured by public law."

By the time the State of Israel came into being in May 1948, the Jewish Agency-World Zionist Organization already had a substantial experience in the areas of responsibility which were to become theirs by agreement with the government of the new State. Since May 1948, the achievement of the Jewish Agency has been the ingathering and absorption of about a million and a half Jews in Israel. Some 300,000 housing units were provided for these immigrants, 500 agricultural settlements were founded, 125,000 children and youth were aided.

Shortly after the Six Day War the World Zionist Organization initiated negotiations with the major Jewish fund-raising bodies in the free world, aimed at making the people who provide the funds active and equal partners in the Agency. These negotiations culminated in the official reconstitution of the Jewish Agency at the Founding Assembly in June 1971.



Mr. Louis A. Pincus is Chairman of the Executive and of the Assembly of the reconstituted Jewish Agency. Mr. Max M. Fisher is Chairman of its Board of Governors.

The activities of the Jewish Agency since May 1948 have involved expenditures of some \$3,500 million, almost \$1,500 million of this sum since the Six Day War. Until 1967 world Jewry provided just over 50% of these funds, the rest coming from German reparations and restitutions for heirless property, allocations from the Israel government and various public organizations. Since the Six Day War, world Jewry has provided more than 80% of the Jewish Agency's budget.

Until 1968 immigration and absorption were the exclusive responsibility of the Jewish Agency. The Government has always played an active role in the absorption process, and in the fall of 1968 a Ministry of Immigrant Absorption was created. The Jewish Agency continues to be responsible for immigration and initial absorption of new immigrants. A joint commission coordinates the activities of the two bodies.

Since 1967 the Jewish Agency has played a much larger role in health, education and welfare activities on behalf of the unabsorbed of previous immigrations.



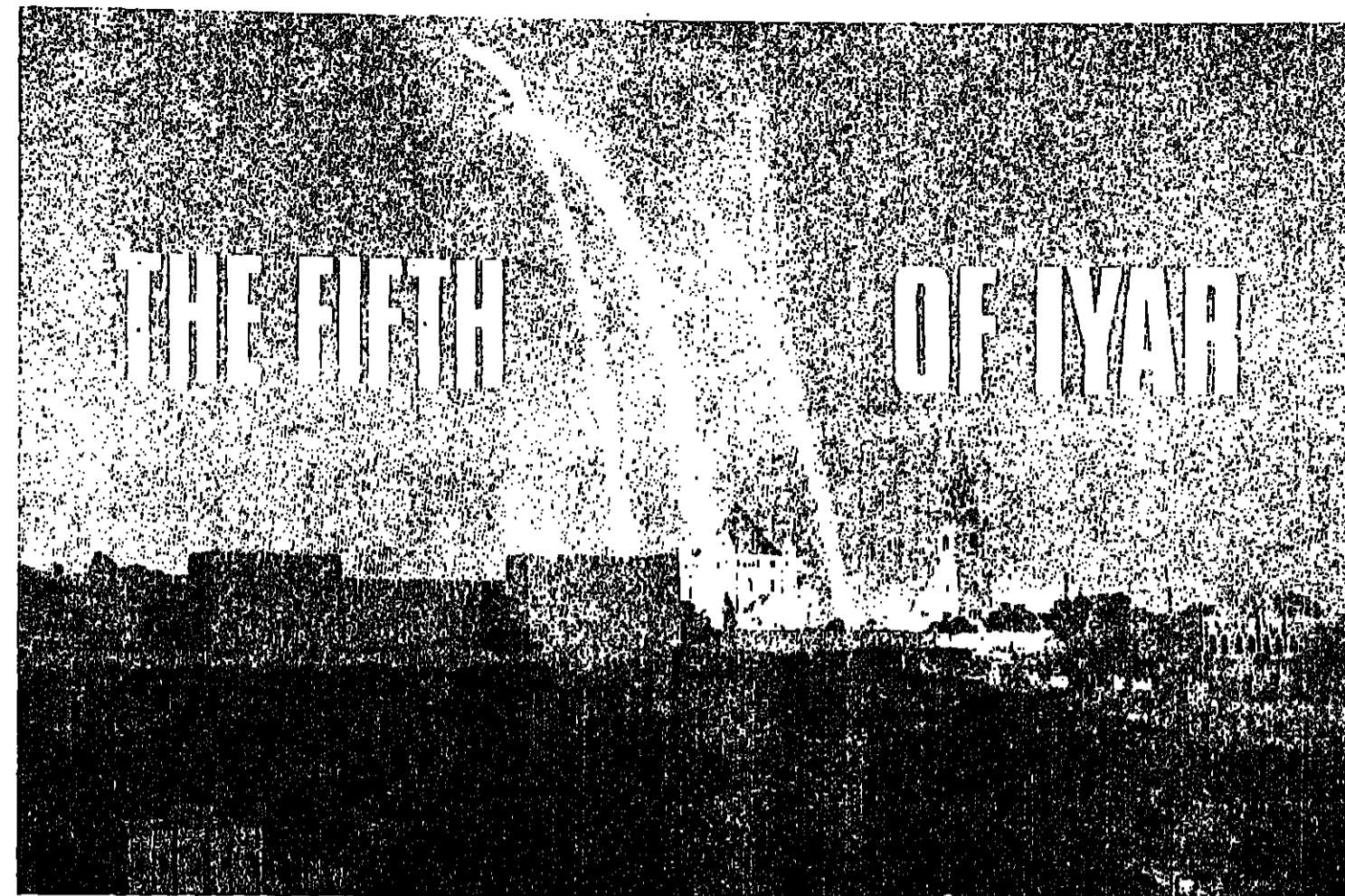
The material on this page and the following three pages (20, 21 and 22) is presented by the Public Relations Division of the Jewish Agency for Israel.

ORT ANALYSIS REPORT ANALYSIS RE

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1972 THE JERUSALEM POST — INDEPENDENCE DAY PAGE NINETEEN

PAGE EIGHTEEN THE JERUSALEM POST — INDEPENDENCE DAY TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1972

The first day in the life of the State of Israel (5 Iyar 5718-May 14, 1948) is described in this chapter from "O Jerusalem," by Larry Collins and Dominic Lapierre (Weidenfeld and Nicholson Jerusalem, 642 pages including 32 pages of illustration, 1L28). The English translation of the book, a best-seller in the original French, will be released in about two weeks. The Post will publish several other excerpts in the coming weeks.



Flares light up Mt. Zion during battle for Jerusalem in War of Independence.

WHISPERING intently, the two men paced beside the coils of barbed wire lining the street. Already the first gray shafts of dawn picked at Jerusalem's skyline, defining the rooftops rising from the shadows just behind them. One of the two was the British officer commanding those imposing structures of Bevingrad. The other was the ex-policeman to whom David Shaltiel had given the task of seizing them in the footsteps of their departing British occupants.

Ariseh Schurr hung on each of the Englishman's words as he reviewed once again the final details of the evacuation due to begin in a few minutes. "I have to be going now," the officer concluded. "Good luck."

Before he could turn to leave, Schurr said, "Wait. There is something I want to give you as a measure of our gratitude for what you have done for us. Perhaps you've helped us save the Jews from a massacre." The Haganah man reached into his pocket and drew out the most appropriate gift he had been able to discover in his beleaguered city, a gold wristwatch. On it was inscribed the Englishman's name, the date and one phrase to remind him in the years he would wear it of the army that had offered it to him: "With gratitude from H."

Phone network

With a parting handshake, Schurr returned to his headquarters. In it he had assembled a self-contained telephone network. By twenty-four phones linked to three separate switchboards led Schurr to the observers he had stationed on rooftops all around central Jerusalem, and to the apartments along the perimeter of Bevingrad in which he had hidden his waiting soldiers. In addition, a group of post-office technicians, carrying portable phones, were ready to follow his men on their advances into Bevingrad so that Schurr would be able to keep abreast of their progress almost room by room. The meticulous Schurr had even found a merchant who had a stock of hundreds of British Army surplus wirecutters. These tools would allow his men to swiftly hack their way through the dense forest of barbed wire on the Jewish side of Bevingrad.

Now Schurr's weeks of preparation were about to pay off. One of the lights on his switchboard lit up. It was an observer calling. He had just noticed the first British soldiers begin to move out of the

General Post Office. Schurr glanced at his watch. His British friend had been true to his word. As he had promised, it was exactly four o'clock.

In Notre-Dame and Bevingrad, in the Allenby and El Alamein Barracks, on the Hill of Evil Counsel and in the nearly deserted lobby of the King David Hotel, the departing British had begun to stir to life as soon as the first shafts of sunlight fell on the city. Soldiers heaved a last duffle bag onto their trucks, civilians packed away their last belongings and souvenirs for their trip home. All over the city, motors coughed to life, vehicles fell into columns and men marched toward their assembly points.

To Brigadier C. P. Jones, the last act of the British Army in Jerusalem would be "a straightforward military movement." To designate the city during the operation, his signals officer had selected a code word barren of even a hint of the history, the religious vocation, the prestigious nature of the community his compatriots were leaving. Jerusalem, on this Friday morning, May 14, 1948, was "Cod."

By seven the first columns were ready to move. The yellow silk regimental colors which had been carried in battle against the Maoris of New Zealand a century before at the head of their procession, the men of the Suffolk Regiment marched down Mount Zion to their embusing point. Kilted packed away in favour of battle dress, bagpipes leading their procession, the men of the Highland Light Infantry in turn marched solemnly out of the Hospice of Notre-Dame. Captain Michael Naylor Leyland, the officer who had rescued the last survivors of the Hadassah convoy led the vehicles of his First Life Guards Armoured Car Squadron through the barbed wire that had separated their British Zone from the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Entering the city, Naylor Leyland noted a little sadly that "there was practically no one out to watch us go."

British memories

The last images those Britishers would take away from Jerusalem were mingled with relief at leaving a place in which, as one of them thought, they "had been a football being kicked about between two sides." For some, the last impression they would take away from the Holy City would be the religious. For others, like Lieute-

nant Robert Ross, it would be the memory of the unlikely spot in which the young Scot had been shot at for the first time in his life, the Garden of Gethsemane.

For Lance Corporal Gerald O'Neill of Glasgow, it would be the knowledge that he was going to be the last British soldier to leave Jerusalem. For Captain Naylor Leyland it would be the blood of one of his men still coating the inside of the armored car in which the unfortunate soldier had been killed a few days before. For Lieutenant-Colonel Alec Brodie, a veteran of dozens of campaigns, it would be something as banal as a desperate search for a piece of rope to bind up a last suitcase.

For Major Dan Bonar it would be the last act of the military career he had opened thirty years earlier on another May morning in 1918. That day in the little French hamlet of Adinfin he had raised the Union Jack after the battle of the Somme. The intervening years had taken him to the Archangel, to Ireland, to Egypt, to Dunkirk, to Normandy, the Ruhr and Palestine, and now he closed them with an act paralleling the gesture with which they had begun: he lowered the Union Jack from its last perch in Jerusalem.

For Captain James Crawford, it was the sight of an elderly sheikh, hand upraised in a perfect military salute, a gesture Crawford saw "as a mark of respect to the comrades I was leaving behind who had given their lives in a fight that was not really theirs."

Last inspection

For General Jones, it was wandering through the empty rooms of Government House on a last spare as a pin, Sir Alan's office with its bare desk and empty chair looking "as though no one had ever lived or worked here."

For Chief Justice Sir William Fitzgerald it was an image in a bend of the road on the edge of town, an image as old as Palestine, a fellow on an ass plodding down to Bethlehem, his weary head not even raised to watch them go. Studying him from his bus window, Sir William suddenly asked himself, "Did we really change anything in our thirty years here?"

THEIRS were not the only departures taking place that morning. Seizing the microphone over which Sir Alan Cunningham had delivered his parting address a few hours earlier, Rajil Sayhoun

proclaimed, "A new era for Palestine begins today. Long live a free and independent Palestine!" Then he left the broadcasting station for what would henceforth be its new headquarters in the Arab community of Ramallah.

As he drove out of the city, he cast a last look at its center from the heights of Sheikh Jarrah. The object that caught his eyes was hardly an auspicious omen for the new era he had so proudly announced a few minutes before. Flying over his former office at the Palestine Broadcasting System on Queen Melisande's Way was the blue-and-white Zionist banner.

It marked the first stage of the advance of Aryeh Schurr's soldiers through the pie-shaped wedge of Bevingrad. The wedge's outer rim was a 350-yard arc that ran along Queen Melisande's Way between Jaffa Road and St. Paul's Road. Its sides, barely a quarter of a mile long, followed the narrow course of those two roads to the point at which they met opposite the walls of the Old City between New and Jaffa Gates.

Most of Schurr's targets were included that triangle. He had also seized a strip of buildings including the General Post Office and the telephone exchange, that ran like a continuous cement barrier down Jaffa Road just across the street from Bevingrad. His last major objective was the Hospice of Notre-Dame, vacated by the Highland Light Infantry. Built in the shape of an E, it lay next to the point of the Bevingrad wedge opposite the Old City wall. From its high wings, gunmen could control both the Old City to the southeast and the heart of New Jerusalem to the west. To carry out his assignment, Schurr had four hundred Haganah men and six hundred Home Guard volunteers.

Second barrier

By eight o'clock, his first units had crossed Queen Melisande's Way and slipped into Bevingrad's northwestern perimeter, the rim of the pie-shaped wedge. At the same time, he sent some of his men with their wirecutters to cut the carpet of barbed-wire coils blocking access to its buildings. Others with ladders began to scale its walls. One unpleasant surprise greeted them: the British had planted a second layer of barbed wire inside Bevingrad itself. None the less, Schurr's men were in possession of the buildings along the northwestern perimeter before the British troops

had finished marching out the other side into Suleiman's Way opposite the Old City.

In the General Post Office building, the forty men of Schurr's Players Brigade took over the instant the British withdrew. Its telephone switchboard quickly became an important psychological weapon. His men would telephone the Arabs in the buildings ahead and try to frighten them into fleeing. As each building was taken, a soldier would grab a phone and call Schurr to tell him, "Cross it off your list."

Thus, within the first hour of full-scale operation, Schurr had taken over half of the targets assigned him. Only two areas gave him concern. Along St. Paul's Road bordering the Arab neighbourhood of Musarara, the Arabs managed to get a thin foothold inside Bevingrad around the Central Prison. Opposite the walls of the Old City, a band of irregulars broke into Notre-Dame and drove out the handful of Haganah men who had reached it first.

Elsewhere in Jerusalem, David Shaltiel's three-pronged operation designed to secure a continuous north-south front through the city had begun almost as auspiciously. Assigned responsibility for the north, Shaltiel's intelligence officer Yitzhak Levi followed from the rooftop of his headquarters in the Histadrut Building the last British convoys heading for Haifa. As soon as they had disappeared over the ridge line beyond Mount Scopus, he ordered his men, waiting in the streets of Mea Shearim, into action. So swift was their advance that they seized almost without opposition their first objectives, the buildings of the Palestine Police Training School and Sheikh Jarrah from which the British had driven Yitzhak Sadeh's Palmachniks seventeen days earlier. By midmorning, Levi had managed to re-establish communications with the besieged university and hospital on Mount Scopus.

In the south, Avram Uzli had been ordered to take the sprawling grounds of the Allenby Barracks. Its capture would cut the Arab neighbourhoods of German Colony, Greek Colony and Upper Bnana off from the rest of the Arab city, and with it the Haganah would hold a continuous front in the south from the railroad station through the captured barracks and the Jewish neighbourhoods of Mevor Hayim and Talpote to the settlement of Ramat Rachel at the southern entrance to the city. To take the barracks, Uzli had two

(Continued on page 24)

1947	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1948	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1949	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1950	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1951	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1952	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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1956	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1957	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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1973	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1974	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1975	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1976	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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1981	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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1983	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1984	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1985	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1986	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1987	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1988	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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1992	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1993	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1994	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1995	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1996	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1997	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1998	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
1999	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
2000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000

REVENUE BY TYPE OF SERVICE		REVENUE BY SOURCE OF SERVICE	
Food	100.0	Arrived	Arrived
Alcohol and Non-Alcohol	19.5	1969	1970
North America	19.3	100.0	100.0
Latin America	10.6	100.0	100.0
Australia and New Zealand	0.8	100.0	100.0
SIZE OF FAMILY		OCCUPATION	
Total	100.0	Total	100.0
Heads of families	21.5	With trade or profession	39.0
Dependents	48.7	Without trade or profession	61.0
Singles	29.8	Total with trade or profession	100.0
AGE		Liberal and technical professions	40.9
Total	100.0	Managerial and clerical	18.6
0-14	21.7	Merchants, agents, salesmen	10.8
15-29	34.1	Farmers, fishermen, etc.	0.8
30-44	17.1	Transport and communications workers	2.5
45-64	18.1	Building workers, miners, quarriers	1.0
65 years and over	8.0	Craftsmen and industrial workers	20.3
		Services, sports and entertainment	4.7
		Total without trade or profession	100.0
		Housewives	28.7
		Children up to age of 18	38.2
		Students over age of 14	31.3
		Dependents and old-age pensioners	7.0

(Continued from page 23)

platoons, a Davalke, three shells and not enough time. A group of Iraqi volunteers got to the barracks first and stopped his initial attack.

Arabs surprised

The Iraqi prompt reaction was an exception. Nearly everywhere else the Arabs had been surprised by the alacrity with which the British had left and Shaltiel's men had attacked. Proudly displaying the national flag and his note of authority from the Italian consul, Father Ibrahim Ayad rode up to chain the Italian Hospital in the name of the Arabs, only to discover that Dan Ben-Dor's men were already there. Mounir Abou Fadel, the former police officer in charge of the Old City's defenders, realized that the British were leaving when he saw their passing convoys as he walked his bulldog, Wolf, along the walls of the Old City.

Tripped behind a tombstone in Mamillah Cemetery after an unsuccessful attempt to reach the building already in Schurr's hands, Awarah Khalil caught a glimpse of Sir Alan Cunningham's departing limousine. He was desperately but he wanted to see that sight, the Arab thought, and how uncertain he was of the future now that he was witnessing it.

Back in the Rawdah headquarters, Khalil found "no coordination, no one running things, just a lot of people shooting at each other."

Khalil Rashid the Iraqi and Khalil Hussain the nominal commander would not judge from the headquarters Mounir Abou Fadel's authority in the Old City was being contested by a twenty-five-year-old cobbler's son named Hafez Barakat, called "the General" by his followers. Emilie Ghory had planned to lead six hundred men down the slopes seized by Yitzhak Levi's forces. One miscalculation had frustrated his plan. He had figured the British were leaving May 15, and his men were still hours away from Jerusalem. Only in the American Colony, a wealthy neighbourhood below Sheikh Jarrah, and Musrara, an Arab quarter outside the Old City walls between Damascus Gate and Notre-Dame, did the Arabs react effectively. There schoolteacher Bajhat Abou Gharbieh, leading a mixture of Syrian Moslem Brothers, Iraqis and Lebanese volunteers, offered Shaltiel's men their only serious opposition.

IF the morning had been an almost unmitigated disaster for the Arabs of Jerusalem, ten miles south of the city thousands of other Arabs were about to secure a victory whose repercussions would derive the Hagannah of the pleasure their successes in Jerusalem should have brought them. The three surviving satellites of Kfar Etzion were about to surrender.

Shortly before dawn a barely audible radio message had informed the settlers that the negotiations to save them from a massacre similar to the one that had befallen their comrades in the central kibbutz had succeeded. They too, however, were going to pay the price for having sought to cultivate the barren hills of Kfar Etzion. In a few hours they would begin an experience familiar to generations of their people. They would be going to captivity in Amman.

From the rooftop on the infantry of Mtsuot, Uriel Ofek, a poet enlisted in the Palmach, had watched the Arabs swarm toward the kibbutz for hours. They were so numerous that it seemed to Ofek that all the villages between Jerusalem and Hebron must have been drained of men.

Surrender

A fragile cease-fire arranged by the Red Cross had been in effect since 4 a.m. Sensing the ease of the victory before them, the borders

(Continued on page 25)



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Iwanir



(Continued from page 24)

clamoured for the chance to submerge the three colonias while their tense defenders watched their growing buildup with despair. The Red Cross delegation sent to arrange the surrender was swamped in a sea of shouting people before they could even get near the first kibbutz. When they did, its leaders, aware of the massacre that had taken place at Kfar Etzion, insisted on surrendering to the Arab Legion.

An emissary was sent to a Legion detachment left behind in Hebron in violation of the army's orders to leave Palestine before the mandate expired. It was a pariah of orders for which the settlers left in Kfar Etzion would later have cause to be grateful. The detachment and its transport finally arrived at noon and the surrender began. At each settlement, the Hagannah officers refused to hand over their arms until their women and wounded were in ambulances and their men safely aboard the Legion's trucks. At Eilat Taurin, a settler went back to the dining hall, already filled with looting irregulars, to take the Seder Torah from the walls. At Mtsuot, a rabbi began to recite the Sabbath prayers. Tears streaming down their faces, the men around him replied, "...the Lord is righteous, my Rock in whom there is no evil." In the radio room, an operator tapped out a last message: "Tonight we shall no longer be here. So ends the chapter of the Etzion bloc."

As the trucks rolled off each hill, the prisoners caught their last glimpse of the buildings on which they had laboured so hard. One by one they burst into flames. Then like a swarm of locusts, the Arab multitudes descended on their orchards and vineyards. As if to eradicate forever the last trace of that foreign intrusion upon their ancient hills, they tore out by the roots the settlers' young trees, beginning to blossom with the fruit of their first harvest.

MILES away, in Haifa harbour, a pair of greasy hawscars consumed another Hagannah setback at the hands of a different enemy. As soon as the port's stevedores had firmly secured the S. S. Borea to a quay, a platoon of British troops marched up and formed an arc around the ship. No one, the platoon's commander informed the captain, would be allowed on or off the ship.

Half from relief, half from sorrow, tears filled David Shaltiel's eyes when the news of Etzion's end reached him. Neither the Jerusalem commander nor his men, however, had time to mourn their loss. On all sides, their progress through Jerusalem continued.

Abandoned stores

Arviyeh Schurr's men gradually pushed the Arabs from the footholds they had managed to secure in the Bevingrad triangle. Behind them, other teams of Hagannah men rushed into the buildings they had captured. To the ill-equipped men of the Jerusalem command, it was like a voyage into some bewildering cave of All Baba. Despite the precision of their organization, the British had left behind stores astounding in their variety and occasional abundance. In one building the Hagannah found forty thousand pairs of shoes, two pairs for every soldier in the Jewish army. Another office revealed enough flashlights "to light up half of Palestine."

Netanel Lorch found a beautiful handworked sword in Police Headquarters. It would soon be used at the inauguration of a Jewish state's first President. The young officer also found to his delight boxes of engraved stationery belonging to the government's Chief Secretary Sir Henry Gurney. His handsome folds would be the toy of Lorch's correspondents for months. Murray Hellner, ordered to climb the Palestine Broadcasting System's forty-foot tower to take down its antenna, received a bizarre reward for his dangerous

mission. In a studio close, he found two British state mourning flags. He immediately appropriated them for bedsheet for his army cot.

Outside Government Hospital, a soldier of the Irgun stumbled on a prize of a different sort, a flock of sheep. They belonged to Dr. Hassid Bonos. The young Arab surgeon was certain they were the key to his staff's survival in the days ahead. Pointing to his Red Cross armband, he asked the Irgunist to help him round up the frightened animals.

"Do those sheep have Red Cross armbands, too?" the Irgunist asked. At Bonos' stunned silence, he said, "Then tough luck. They're mine."

British journalist Eric Dowton, moving through the compound with another Irgun veteran, participated in an extraordinary incident. The soldier pushed open a door in Police Headquarters. There before the two men was a chilling sight, the gallows tree, its loop of cord suspended motionless from its crossbar, its silent trap waiting only to be sprung. The Irgunist began to weep. Turning to Dowton, he whispered, "This is where you hanged my friends."

None of Jerusalem's Arabs was more surprised by the speed of Schurr's advance than Anton Saleh. Trying to dodge his way through the shooting around Jafa Gate, Saleh learned that the Municipality Building, "the safest place in Jerusalem," in whose vault he had deposited his 227,500 check, had just fallen to the Jews. Physically sick, he sought out his municipal comrades to inform them that their brand-new municipality was bankrupt.

'Atomic bomb'

In the southern section of the city, the Arabs announced an even more startling piece of news. The first of Avram Uziel's three David-kin rounds failed to explode, but the second did, producing an enormous roar and almost no damage. The stunned Iraqis in the Allenby

Barracks shouted over the telephone that the Jews had a weapon like the atomic bomb and begged for help. Informed of the remark by a switchboard operator who had overheard it, Uziel fired his last round and sent his men rushing toward the barracks. The Iraqis fled, and Uziel's soldiers in their turn stumbled on a hoard of abandoned British supplies ranging from badly beef to Players cigarettes.

To the north, Yitzhak Levi secured the approaches to the city on the line he had established from Sonehria, the ancient Jewish burial grounds, through the Police Training School barracks, Sheikh Jarrah and Mount Scopus. In defiance of Ben-Gurion's order that no Jewish settlement was to be abandoned, he authorized the isolated settlers of New Yaacov north of the city to fall back into his lines. He had no intention of seeing another Kfar Etzion in his command.

His only setback came in Musrara, where Bajhat Abou Gharbieh's mixed irregulars refused to budge. The Arab schoolteacher had split his seventy men into three groups, the Syrians in a school, the Iraqis in a hotel and the Lebanese along St. Paul's Road opposite the Russian Compound. His Browning machine gun was aimed against the Hagannah entrenched in a property destined to become a symbol of a divided Jerusalem, the home of a wealthy businessman named Mandelbaum.

By late afternoon, as the fighting calmed down, Shaltiel was able to radio Tel Aviv that most of his objectives had been secured and "the defense of the enemy was very weak." At about the same time, the accuracy of Shaltiel's message was being confirmed in a cable from Jerusalem's Arab command to Haj Amin Husseini. The situation "was critical," it said. "The Jews have reached almost to the gates of the Old City."

Whistling joyfully, the happiest man in Jerusalem marched up Ben Yehuda Street to the Cafe Atara.

In the two hours he had managed to seize away from his unit, Yosef Nevo would now have two auspicious beginnings to celebrate, the beginning of his married life and the beginning of a new era for Jerusalem. His first glimpse of the waning face of his bride worried him, however, that he might have overestimated the number of blessed days he had to celebrate this day. Her next words confirmed his fears. "She's back." Na'omi gasped. "The convoy didn't get through."

Plunge into unknown

An almost equally unpleasant discovery awaited Pablo de Azcarate on his return to Jerusalem that morning from Amman. The British administration had bid farewell with a lie to Azcarate's United Nations mission which it so disdained. Despite Sir Henry Gurney's assurances, the British were gone. Bitterly Azcarate noted in his diary: "The time for the plunge into the unknown has come."

In New York, the international organization that had sent Azcarate to Palestine groined toward the only answer it could find for the chaos in the land whose problems it had sought to solve. If the United Nations could not offer the only alternative of which it seemed capable, a mediator, their hopeful action, however, would only add one more name to the long list of men martyred for Jerusalem, that of Count Folke Bernadotte.

The long and dolorous road followed by the Hebrew people from the land of Ur of the Chaldees to Pharaoh's Egypt, Babylon and all the corners of the earth led at last to a simple stone building on Philadelphia Boulevard in the heart of Tel Aviv. There, on this humid Friday afternoon in May, the leaders of the Zionist movement prepared to accomplish perhaps the most important gesture in the history of their people since an obscure warrior king named David

brought the Ark of the Covenant "with shouting and with the sound of the trumpet" from Abu Ghosh to a tabernacle in Jerusalem.

The building, a museum, had been the home of Meir Dizengoff, first mayor of Tel Aviv. Appropriately, its galleries contained not the pottery shards, stone relics and religious vessels of a dead Jewish civilization, but the bold modern art of the new one about to be brought forth in its precincts. Outside, a detachment of Hagannah military police meticulously checked the credentials of the two hundred selected guests who would be privileged to witness the ceremony scheduled to take place in the building. The backgrounds of those men were as diverse as the race they represented. Some of them had almost died of malaria clearing the Huleh swamps. Others had survived the death camps of Germany. They came from Minsk, Cracow and Cologne; from England, Canada, South Africa, Iraq and Egypt. They were bound together by a common faith, Zionism, a common heritage, Jewish history, and a common curse, persecution. Looking down upon them as they gathered was a portrait of the black-bearded Viennese newspaperman who had founded the movement that had brought them to the Tel Aviv museum's main gallery. Barely fifty-three years had passed since the January day when Theodor Herzl had witnessed the public humiliation of Alfred Dreyfus. They had been years of anguish for his people, and the most apocalyptic of the visions he could have imagined that morning on the Champ de Mars had just overwhelmed them. Yet they had been years of triumph too, and because his followers had willed it the Jewish people were about to have a state of their own.

At precisely four o'clock, David Ben-Gurion rose and sharply rapped a walnut gavel on the table before him. Clad in a dark suit, a white shirt and, in deference to

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(Continued from page 25)

The solemnity of the occasion, a tie, the Jewish leader picked up a scroll of white parchment. Indication of the haste with which this ceremony had been prepared was the fact that the Tel Aviv artist commissioned to prepare the scroll had had time to finish only the decoration. The text Ben-Gurion was about to read had been typed on a separate piece of paper and stapled to the parchment.

"In the Land of Israel the Jewish people came into being," he began. "In this land was shaped their spiritual, religious and national character. Here they lived in sovereign independence. Here they created a culture of national and universal import and gave to the world the eternal Book of Books."

He paused an instant to insure a properly purposeful tone to his delivery. Always the realist, Ben-Gurion was not carried away by the exultation of the moment. In a few hours he would note in his diary: "As on November 29, 1947, mourning among the happy ones." He had lived for two years with the declaration he was reading. He was saying the words, but, as he would one day recall, there "was no joy in my heart. I was thinking of only one thing, the war we were going to have to fight."

"Exiled from the land of Israel," he said, "the Jewish people remained faithful to it in all the restoration of their national freedom. Impelled by this historic association, Jews strove throughout the centuries to go back to the land of their fathers and regain their statehood. In recent decades, he reminded his audience, "they returned in their masses. They reclaimed the wilderness, revived their language, built cities and villages."

It was, he continued, "the self-evident right of the Jewish people to be a nation, as all other nations, in their own sovereign state." Accordingly, he said, "by virtue of the natural and historic right of the Jewish people and of the Resolution of the United Nations, we hereby proclaim the establishment of the Jewish state in Palestine, to be called Israel."

Principles

One by one, he set out the principles that would guide the new nation: "principles of liberty, justice and peace as conceived by the Prophets of Israel"; full social and political equality for all citizens without distinction of religion, race or sex; freedom of religion, conscience, education, language and culture; safeguarding of the Holy Places of all religions; and the loyal upholding of the principles of the United Nations charter.

Crammed into the only space they had been able to find for their transmitters, a toilet just off the museum's main room, the technicians of the new nation's radio service felt their throats constrict with emotion. Except for the laboring breath of a handful of old men, the main gallery was silent, as though even a foot scraping on the floor might detract from the grandeur of this moment so long awaited by so many. Later, to some of those present the intense silence of their gathering would seem a mystic evocation of their six million dead.

"We appeal to the United Nations to assist the Jewish people in the building of its state and to admit Israel into the family of nations," Ben-Gurion read. "We offer peace and amity to all the neighbouring states and peoples. Our call goes out to the Jewish people all over the world... to stand by us in the great struggle for the fulfillment of the dream of generations, the redemption of Israel."

"With trust in the Almighty," he concluded, "we set our hand to this declaration at this session of the Provisional Council of State... in the city of Tel Aviv on the fifth day of Iyar, 5708, the fourteenth day of May, 1948."

When he had finished he said, "Let us all stand to adopt the Scroll of the Establishment of the Jewish State."

Clanking with emotion, an elderly rabbi offered thanks to "him who hath kept and sustained us and brought us into this time." One by one the leaders in the room put their signatures on the scroll. Then Ben-Gurion announced that the British White Paper of 1939 with its restrictions on Jewish land purchases and immigration was annulled. Otherwise, all mandatory laws would remain in effect for the time being.

It was 4:37 p.m. The entire ceremony had taken barely half an hour. Once more Ben-Gurion picked up his gavel and rapped the table.

"I hereby declare this meeting adjourned," he said. The state of Israel had come into being.

At almost the same time, on the banks of the Nile, another ceremony was taking place. Its focal point, too, was a scroll — the diploma of the Royal Egyptian Army Staff College. Few men's lives would be affected as much by the declaration that had been read in Tel Aviv as that of a distinguished thirty-year-old graduate of that course. The cataclysm it would produce would drive him to the forefront of world politics and lead his fellow Arabs to hail him as their people's greatest leader since Saladin. For the moment a simple joy filled the heart of Captain Gamal Abdel Nasser. He had just received his first major assignment. Within forty-eight hours he was to report for duty as staff officer of the Sixth Battalion on its march to Tel Aviv and the destruction of the state proclaimed by David Ben-Gurion.

DUSK was beginning to fall. Away to the south, caught between the mountains of Moab and Judaea, the motionless waters of the Dead Sea cast back the sun's last light like a silver mirror. Five miles to the east of the assembly area that John Gubb had chosen for his Arab Legion, in the rhododendrons and rushes of the perennially green Wadi Sheib, lay the Allenby Bridge and the Jordan River. On the other side of the river Gubb could see the brown stone rooftops of Jericho and beyond them the imposing four-thousand-foot-high wall of the Palestine mountains.

Just behind Jericho, between the Mount of Temptation and Kerith Brook where the ravens had fed Elijah, a little spur ran up that mountain wall. Gubb studied it intently. It was his secret pride. For four thousand pounds, the villagers beyond Jericho had turned it into a track capable of taking his armoured cars and vehicles — and unmarked on his foe's maps. At midnight, the 4,500 men of his Arab Legion now lined up before him in parade formation would begin moving into Palestine over that mountain spur, along which, twenty-five centuries before, Joshua had led the Children of Israel in the invasion of the Promised Land.

Gubb looked at that line of troops before him with pride and a broken heart. He had known some of those men since they were infants placed in his arms by their proud fathers. The Arab Legion was Gubb's life, and he despaired at the thought of its being torn apart in a war. Yet he understood the terrible pressures building up in the Arab capitals. Already he had begun to doubt his ability to make only "the semblance of a war," as he wanted. The situation was "so hopeless, so confusing," he felt that night. He hadn't the vaguest notion what the Syrians and the Egyptians were going to do. Even his precious shipload of artillery shells for his new guns had not yet arrived in Aqaba.

Abdullah arrives

As Gubb meditated, a black sedan with a pennant fluttering from its tender drove up. The man for whom he had assembled his troops had arrived. Dressed in his British Army uniform, King Abdullah marched to a simple wooden platform above the flat, barren plain

on which his troops were drawn up. As he did, on the horizon to the south a black pillar climbed toward the sky, the funnel of an approaching sandstorm. The band began to play Transjordan's lifting national song. The King saluted the men before him, the men who might deliver him at last from the sandy confines of the Kingdom which that nation excluded, the desert edge in which the British had placed him. As much as the simplest of his Bedouin soldiers perhaps, Abdullah was stirred by the emotions of that moment, by the contrived exaltation of military assembly.

Suddenly, almost from nowhere, the sandstorm came shrieking down on the gathering. In seconds visibility was reduced to twenty-five yards. Whipped by the sands, the men in the ranks quailed and strained to hear. Months later Major Abdullah Tell would think the sandstorm "was a protest from God against the conspiracy that was sending us into Palestine to fight but to add land to Abdullah's Kingdom." Tell himself heard only the first three words the King uttered: "My dear sons."

The King finally abandoned his efforts to speak. Instead he pulled his pistol from his holster and fired it into the air. As he did, caught, perhaps, by the emotion of the moment, he shouted the magic cry with which so many of history's conquerors had inflamed their soldiers' spirits. Although his men had strict orders to avoid it, Abdullah cried, "On to Jerusalem!"

(CARRIED BY THE TRANSMITTER tucked into the toilet of the Tel Aviv museum, the words of David Ben-Gurion's speech had been delivered all across the territories of the newly reborn Jewish state. In the Galilee and the Negev, men who were braced to repel an Arab invasion listened to their arms by their sides. On Tel Aviv's Dizengoff Boulevard the crowds were dancing their triumphant *horas* before the ceremony had ended. In Jerusalem, David Shaltiel and his senior aides followed its scratchy, barely audible tones in the broadcast room of the Jewish Agency. "We know what a state was," one of them would remember later. "It called for blood and we had already given a full measure at Kfar Etzion."

News of State

Just outside Bethlehem, a bus bore their seriously wounded in the opposite direction, back to Jerusalem. Abrasha Tamir, who had commanded the settlement from a stretcher, saw an Arab Legion sergeant leap onto the bus during a momentary pause. Half conscious from the blood he had lost, Tamir watched as the man shouted to them in Arabic, "Your Ben-Gurion has just declared a Jewish state, but we'll finish you in seven days." It was Tamir's first news of the state. He tried to sit up to cry his joy, but, too weak, he fell back exhausted. As he did, he felt tears of pride and pleasure fill his eyes and his mouth twist into a sob.

An immaculately uniformed British naval officer climbed up to the bridge of the S.S. *Borea* in Haifa harbour and smartly saluted her captain. With a glance at his watch he announced, "It is ten o'clock. In exactly two hours' time His Majesty's government's mandate in Palestine is due to expire. You have been requested to inform your staff at that time your guard will be withdrawn and this vessel and all she contains returned to your custody."

While the *Borea's* stunned captain struggled to assimilate this final gesture of the dying administration, the officer saluted once again, "Good luck," he said and marched off the bridge.

At the end of a promontory pointing into Haifa harbour from under the shadows of Mount Carmel, a solitary figure stood looking out to sea. On a rainy November night in 1917, wrapped in a poncho on a hilltop above Jerusalem, James Pollock had witnessed the opening act of Great Britain's Palestine drama. Tonight Jerusalem's last district commissioner had come to this lonely outcropping to witness the last act of the regime to which he had devoted his adult life.

In the harbor, on board the cruiser *Euryalus*, Sir Alan Cunningham climbed slowly up the passageway leading to the bridge. There the ship's captain motioned him to a large wooden platform in its center. As Cunningham mounted it, the ship's crew cast off the ropes holding her to the shore. Slowly the ship moved into the channel, where an aircraft carrier and half a dozen destroyers of the British Mediterranean Squadron lined her passage out to sea. On their decks, in dress whites, their crews moved to a salute. At a signal, all their searchlights fell

on the lonely man on the bridge of the *Euryalus*. Gathering speed, the cruiser slipped along the majestic line of ships. As she drew abreast of the quarterdeck played "God Save the King."

"End of the show"

Listening to the strains of his nation's anthem all the night, leaving the swish of the water sliding under the *Euryalus'* keel, Cunningham thought, "It's the end of the show." Overwhelmed by the poignancy of the moment, he kept his regard fixed on the magnificent bulk of Mount Carmel slowly receding behind him. As the hymn finished, the band, in honour of Cunningham's Scottish blood, began to play him out of the harbour to "The Highland Lament." Hearing its melancholy strains come drifting across the water, the departing High Commissioner felt tears fill his eyes. How fitting, he thought, that he should be going home to the sad notes of that tune.

It had all begun so well and ended so badly. What a world of squandered hopes between Lord Allenby's magnificent gesture, dismounting his horse at Jaffa Gate because he would not ride over the stones on which his Savior had carried His Cross, and his own hurried departure from Jerusalem this morning. How much had gone into this land, how many Britons had died to conquer it, to govern it in the name of an impossible, contradictory set of promises. And now "after all those disappointments, after all those years, after so many efforts, it had all been a failure, we're leaving, and the end is war and misery."

As Sir Alan's cruiser finally reached the three-mile limit, she hove to for the act that would officially mark the end of Great Britain's Palestine mandate. From one end of the ship to the other, an enormous spray of fireworks arched into the Mediterranean sky, sprinkling the dark night with ribbons of orange, red and yellow. When the last spark tumbled hissing into the sea, Sir Alan thought, "That's the end. It's all over."

He glanced at his watch. Then he gasped. It was only eleven o'clock. Britain's star-crossed Palestine mandate had not been able to end without one final error. It had been terminated one hour too soon. The ship's captain had forgotten to take into account the difference between British summer time and Palestine time.

(c) Larry Collins and Dominic Lapierre. Published by arrangement with Weidenfeld and Nicholson Jerusalem.



Jubilant Jerusalemites mount truck at corner of Jaffa Road and King George Street to celebrate passage of the Palestine partition plan on November 29, 1947. Dr. Meron Medzini took part in the celebration as a boy of 14.

Recalling the trauma of 1948

DAN KURZMAN says that his book "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War" (New York: World, 750 pp., \$14.95) is a personalized, dramatized account of the 1948 war — "dramatized in the sense that I recreate, not in the sense that I fictionalize. I checked every quotation carefully, and if someone was speaking to someone else, I checked both people's versions." DR. MERON MEDZINI of the Tel Aviv and Hebrew Universities, comments here that Israel needs the memories revived by the book to guide it in its 25th anniversary year.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1972

THE younger generation in Israel, and many people abroad, who have become used to an ever victorious Israeli army, winning the 1956 Sinai war in six and the June 1967 war in six days, should be reminded that the War of Independence, the Arab-Israeli War, lasted from November, 1947, to March, 1949. It claimed a staggering toll of over 6,500 dead, almost one per cent of the entire Jewish population of this country at the time. It was a long and tortuous war, an inconclusive one, and for the first eight months it witnessed a number of major setbacks for the Israelis. It is a war that can, and must, be recounted for generations to come. As we approach the 25th anniversary of that turning-point in Jewish history, more people will be going back to the great events of 1948 which have made it possible for us to live here as free people.

Many writers have tried their hand at describing Israel's War of Independence. Mr. Kurzman claims to have consulted more than 500 books, newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, diaries and documents. He has interviewed 1,100 participants in Israel and the Arab states. As an experienced journalist and biographer, he knew what to ask and how to put his massive accumulation of information together. He has produced an impressive tome, which somehow does not come off too well as a book.

Full epic?

The author claims, somewhat pretentiously, that his book "tells for the first time the full epic story of the initial Arab-Israeli war." He should know that there are still many documents and other material which have not been published on this side and possibly also on the other side. While we have a great deal of the story from Israeli, American and British sources, we are still missing the Russian and much of the Arab part, which has either not been written, or is still considered secret.

For all these shortcomings, this book should be read by anyone interested not only in modern Jewish history, but also in current affairs, for the events that took place 25 years ago still influence our lives today and are still at the root of much of

what is commonly called the Arab-Israeli conflict. Without knowledge and understanding of some of the small details of the War of Independence it is impossible to understand the subsequent development of the State of Israel and its relations with the Arabs. Indeed, so inconclusive was that war, that two more were fought in less than two decades, the last one, five years ago, in many ways redressing the setbacks of 1948.

The story as told by Dan Kurzman is always gripping and absorbing. He has taken great care to track down information from many people, the famous and the unknown both in Israel or abroad. He has talked to British policemen and army officers, to Arab leaders and soldiers, to Mandate officials and, of course, to the Jewish leadership, as well as to members of kibbutzim, besieged Jerusalemites and Arabs who fled from their homes. It is all there — from the great night of November 29, 1947, the plundering which followed in Jerusalem the next day, and the first skirmishes between the ill-equipped Hagana, hampered by the British army and police, and the Arab bands. This part of the war, which, compared with today's complex military operations, the author justly calls "amateurish," develops into a full-scale engagement following the invasion of the country by seven Arab armies in the wake of the departing British.

Kurzman goes into great detail in describing the peculiar role played by Britain. Instead of

(Continued on page 15)

Recalling the trauma of 1948

handing over the country in an orderly manner. Britain left monarchy, fully expecting to be invited back either by the defeated Jews or by the victorious Arabs. When these expectations did not materialize, there were some attempts to sabotage the Israeli gains both in this region and in the United Nations, though this was possibly never formal policy. British officers led the Arab Legion, the only Arab army which emerged from the war with important gains.

As we are now involved in discussions on the future of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, it is important that people should understand how these territories initially fell into the hands of Jordan and Egypt, how Israel was prevented by the great powers from capturing them, and how the West Bank was annexed by King Abdullah and Gaza taken over by Egypt. The great drama, of course, was the siege of Jerusalem and the long battle for the Holy City. We meet again the defenders and conquerors of the Old City, and the unsung heroes of Jerusalem, its 100,000 Jews who withstood the constant shelling, thirst, hunger and at times despair, to keep much of the city Jewish, so that it could become Israel's capital.

The author has wisely refrained from assessing decisions and passing judgment, from giving credit and meting out criticism. He is concerned with telling the story of the war, and thus he does well.

But at times, Mr. Kurzman's comments can be irritating. In his preface he writes that even after the invasion of Palestine by the Arabs, neither side, with the exception of the Arab Legion, showed any degree of military professionalism. "The result was a tragicomic war in which thousands died needlessly..." For us this was the genesis of a long and vicious struggle which is still going on today in different forms. But now the stakes are

They were fighting for simple survival. It was just this lack of professionalism, and inevitably the lack of arms, which made the 1948 war such a traumatic event and which accounts for the determination of Israel never again to be caught in a similar situation. This determination resulted in today's Defence Forces, whose present top echelon had their first baptism of fire as squad, platoon and company commanders in 1948.

Dan Kurzman should be commended for his painstaking effort to be accurate. Of course, it is impossible to know whether the quotations from the many protagonists he interviewed represent their actual words. We have to take it for granted that some journalistic licence was used here and there for the sake of the flow of the story. Military historians may argue with some of the descriptions of certain key battles; others will question the importance of some of the people interviewed and their contribution to the general effort; but given the vast number of people he interviewed, Kurzman has woven their roles into his narrative with great ability and conviction.

There is material in this book for at least ten more. In his attempt to cover the 1948 war from all possible aspects, Kurzman was bound to miss some of the mood prevailing in this country at the time, the tension, the discussion, the anxiety. But he has succeeded in conveying the feeling that, unlike the 1956 and 1967 wars, this was not a "walk-over" in which the Israeli army hurled itself at its foes and smashed them in a few days. This was the genesis of a long and vicious struggle which is still going on today in different forms. But now the stakes are

much higher, as are the involvement of great powers and the risks this entails.

As we read again of the despair and elation, the defeats and the victories of 1948, we are im-

buied anew with the spirit of the few against the many, the special clan of the Yishuv which has now gone from our lives for which many still hunger, knowing that the great drama cannot be enacted again. We need its memory to guide Israel as it enters its 25th year. In this sense, Mr. Kurzman has done us an invaluable service by recalling the past in such an impressive manner.

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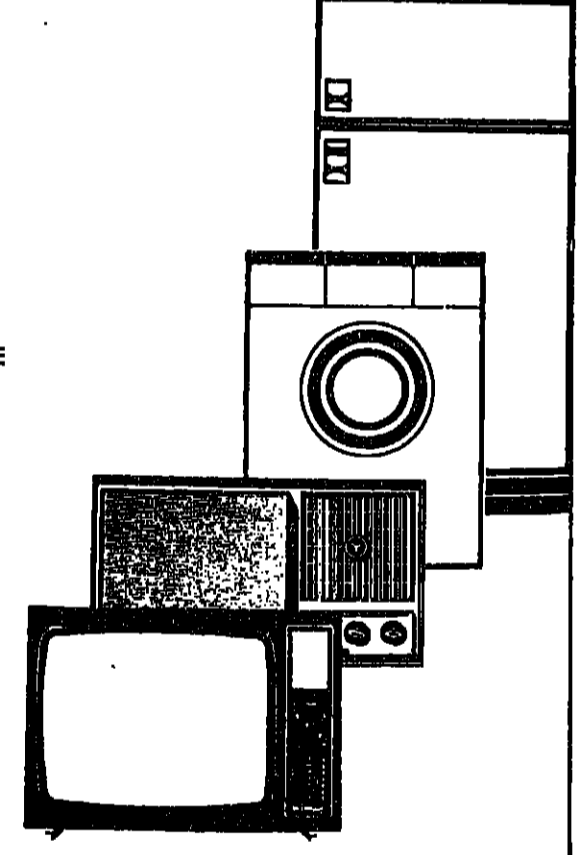
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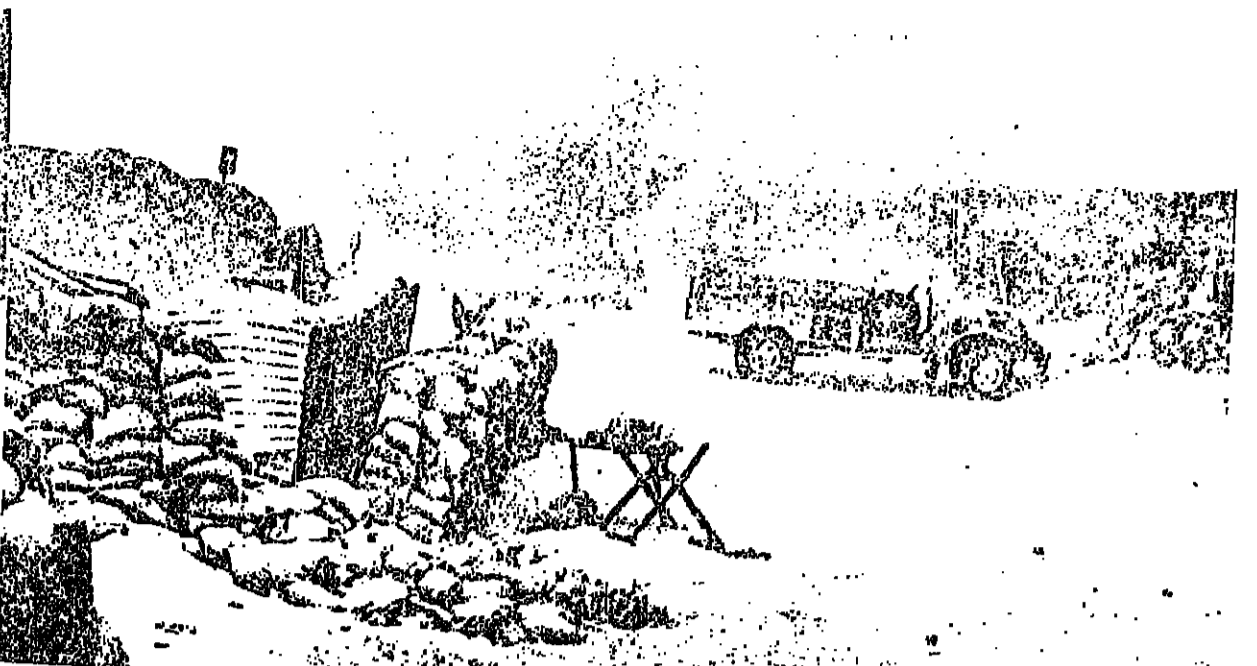
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1,000 days and 20 months

The events of the five years since the Six Day war make a convincing argument for standing fast on today's borders, writes Post military correspondent ZEEV SCHUL. Photographs are from the Israel Defence Forces' album "The 1,000 Day War," a review of the war of attrition.



Israel position on Suez Canal under Egyptian artillery barrage.

THERE is scant comfort in a comparison of the casualty figures for the periods of the Six Day War, the three-year war of attrition and the 20 months of relative peace we have enjoyed since then. The figures do, however, convey a message. They are a substantiation of the importance of having secure (if not complete) borders and of the capacity to guard one's own vital interests, almost regardless of the consequences.

The Six Day War cost Israel 777 soldiers killed and 2,811 wounded — the casualty rate usually works out at four wounded for every fatality — and 26 civilians killed and 105 wounded. During the three-year war of attrition period — 1,141 days to be precise — 694 soldiers were killed and 1,969 wounded, with an additional 127 civilians killed and 10 wounded. The 20 months following the cease-fire of August 6, 1970, have seen 43 soldiers killed and 227 wounded, and 27 civilians killed and 132 wounded. From this point of view at least, the war of attrition and the "stand-fast" attitude adopted by Israel may well turn out to be the biggest single victory ever achieved by this country. Other battles may have been won in a more spectacular way and it was certainly the Six Day War which paved the way for the present achievements. But it was the cold-war game of the "1,000 Day" under Rav-Aluf Haim Bar-Lev, which brought Israel its first tangible taste of victory.

That the Arabs were able to allow their generally recognized defeat during the war of attrition is attributed to the fact that this was no war in the formal sense. The battles fought were static and there was no open face as there had been during their defeat in the Sinai and Six Day campaigns. Israelis were still bonused with victory, waiting for the hand of peace to be proffered from Cairo. Instead, the Egyptians struck the first blow. This was done through the Sinai dunes, attempting to reach the Canal or their undershirts in surrender, flushed out of their last positions. The burnt-out hulls of the Soviet tanks were still amou-



Warplane on practice bombing run. Israeli airpower was the deciding factor in the Egyptians' decision to cut their losses and seek a cease-fire.

closed to both sides. And thus ended the first of the post-Six Day War periods. * * * ALONG the Jordan River life was soon back to normal. The exodus of Arab families went into reverse gear and convoys of trucks forded the Jordan River to market West Bank produce in Jordan and neighbouring countries — marking the quiet beginning of Moshe Dayan's spectacularly successful "open bridges" policy. The Syrian frontier remained quiet. The Syrian Army was still licking its wounds, stupefied at the loss of its "impenetrable" Golan Heights position and with the Israelis now firmly straddling the road to Damascus. Prisoners were exchanged, U.N. observers were posted and that was that. The Lebanese frontier also remained absolutely quiet. The outstanding political event of this period was the formal reunification of Jerusalem on June 28. These few post-Six Day War weeks were to be decisive in the formulation of Israel's new border policies. They gave added mean-

ing to the term "secure borders." For the first time, the army was able to dig in under favourable topographical conditions. The new borders, far from being a burden, actually reduced the manpower requirements. It placed most of Israel's cities beyond Egyptian air range, while the constant threat of artillery and rocket bombardments became limited to a relatively small segment of the Jordan, Syrian and Lebanese frontier areas. The cease-fire line, while not necessarily a recognized political frontier, marked the limits of Israel's undisputed territorial control. This had not always been the case. El Hama, on the Yarmuk River, to cite one example, eventually reverted totally to Syrian control because it was dominated, topographically, by territories in Syrian and Jordanian possession.

Other problems But there were other problems — security inside the newly-taken territories, for instance, with the calculated risk that a good many of the terrorists might have gone

underground there to await a more opportune moment. A hint of things to come was contained in the artillery exchanges at Samaliya on September 6 and the eruption of the entire southern half of the frontier from Kantara to Suez on September 27. The digging in process along the Canal began in earnest. On October 21, the Egyptians tried again. This time, the target was the Israeli destroyer "Eilat" on a routine patrol north-east of Port Said, well outside Egyptian territorial waters. Rockets from an Egyptian missile boat scored a direct hit. Of the "Eilat's" 199 crew members, 47 were reported missing. The survivors included 91 wounded. Israel's reply came four days later. The refineries at Suez went up in flames, as the result of a few well-aimed Israeli artillery salvos. The Israeli refusal to play the game the Egyptian Army brass that it took them eight months to recover. It was not until the end of the following June that the next major incident was reported from this front.

ON the one hand, the Israeli military administration of the occupied territories tried to rule as unobtrusively and with as gentle a hand as possible. On the other, it was firm and unrelenting in stamping out all attempts at civil disobedience. As a new wave of terrorism began, Israel took measures to seal its new eastern frontier along the Jordan River, while continuing to pursue an "open bridges" policy. With major acts of terrorism being perpetrated inside Israel — the Zion Cinema bomb in Jerusalem (October 8), the shelling of Petah Tikva (November 29), the mining of a school bus near Be'er Oram, to mention only a few — security forces succeeded in rounding up complete terrorist units such as the gang of 74 arrested in Nabulus in February.

Politically, the first year of the post-Six Day War period saw the Khartoum Summit Conference, at which the Arab leaders "irrevocably" committed themselves to a continuation of the struggle, the beginning of the Jarring Mission and Security Council adoption of Resolution 242, which was to be given different interpretations by Israel and her enemies. There was one additional major naval disaster: the loss of the submarine "Dakar" with her crew of 69, in circumstances that have never been clarified. But the most important military event of this period was the Karameh operation of March 1968 — one of the first major operations carried out by Rav-Aluf Haim Bar Lev after he replaced Rav-Aluf Yitzhak Rabin as Chief of Staff. The situation along the Jordan

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View of Shadwan, in the Gulf of Suez, from the air. On January 22, 1970, Israeli forces took and held the strategic island for more than a day.

1,000 days and 20 months

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and Beisan valleys had continued to deteriorate rapidly. Now that the terrorists had been squeezed out of Israel-held areas, a pattern began to emerge. Unable to attack Israel from within, they spilled out and across the Jordan along the east bank under the protection of Jordanian army guns.

Exchanges of fire were an almost daily occurrence and the children of the border settlements came to look on the shelters as their permanent nurseries. Even the Israeli units, safely entrenched on the Golan Heights, let fly with their long-range Soviet artillery. An end had to be put to what had become an intolerable situation.

On March 21, 1968, crack I.D.F. units crossed the Jordan River and, in a head-on assault on the terrorist headquarters at Karamah, killed 150 terrorists and 25 Jordanian soldiers who became involved in the fighting — and took 150 prisoners.

Israel losses in this operation

were 28 soldiers killed and 69 wounded. The physical liquidation of Karamah was less important than the fact that it began a new process, driving the terrorists eastward to become involved in a direct confrontation with King Hussein. It was the beginning of the end for them, at least as far as their organized, open presence in Jordan was concerned.

ON September 8, 1968, the Egyptians started their first total artillery bombardment along a 100 km. stretch of the Suez Canal.

Earlier that year, Nasser had given notice that in due course he would revert to "preventive defence" and ultimately "liberation." This seemed to be the opening of a new policy, intended to draw blood, cause higher casualties and erode the Israeli positions. The losses in this bombardment were 10 killed and 17 wounded and, during a second bombardment, on October 26, the

casualties continued to mount and reached a new high of 15 dead and 34 wounded.

Israel took retaliatory action for these two bombardments on October 31, with a helicopter-borne raid on the Nag Hamadi dam, deep inside Egypt. The damage was not great, but the raid demonstrated Egypt's vulnerability.

The two bombardments, however, pointed up the weakness of the Israeli positions along the Canal and the need for the immediate construction of a series of first line defences — these became known as the Bar-Lev Line.

Shock to Egypt

The Nag Hamadi raid shocked the Egyptian High Command to such an extent that it was over four months before they reopened fire and embarked on the most intensive phase of their war of attrition. Starting on March 8,

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CREATING LAND IS SOMETHING SPECIAL

The secret stars keep shining every evening;
The bright sun every morning takes its stand;
There is no doubt our skies are quite in order —
Now all we have to do is make the land.
Creating land, we know, is something special,
But this is one job that we can't neglect.
The Lord took just a week of old to do it —
For us it is more urgent, I suspect . . .
Producing land! Without a moment's respite
Creating space in every kind of way!
We used to speak a lot of "Home Production";
Producing Homeland is our job today.

(From a poem by Nathan Alterman "The Industry of the Hebrews," translated by Misha Louvish.)

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Soviet-manned SA-3 missile is fired at Israeli warplane. Shadow of missile can also be seen, at upper left.



Soldiers in bunkers in fort on Suez Canal. Nasser called it the "Bar-Lev Line," and the term has come into common usage all over the world.

(Continued from page 30)

1968, it continued unabated until July 30 of that year, when the I.D.F. played its trump card and brought the Air Force into action against Egyptian positions along the Canal.

Another year was to elapse before the Egyptians became convinced that not only had they lost the war, but that their tactics had backfired. Israeli raids across the Canal were almost unchallenged. On September 8, 1969, naval commando units destroyed two Egyptian torpedo boats, and a few days later Israeli units raised the west bank of the Canal for ten hours, encountering only token opposition. An attempt to equalize the score ended disastrously for the Egyptian Air Force when, on September 11, they lost 11 aircraft in a single day. The crowning episode was the capture of a modern Soviet radar unit at Ras Arab on December 28.

By early 1970, it was clear that it was only a question of time before the Egyptians were compelled to accept the new ceasefire.

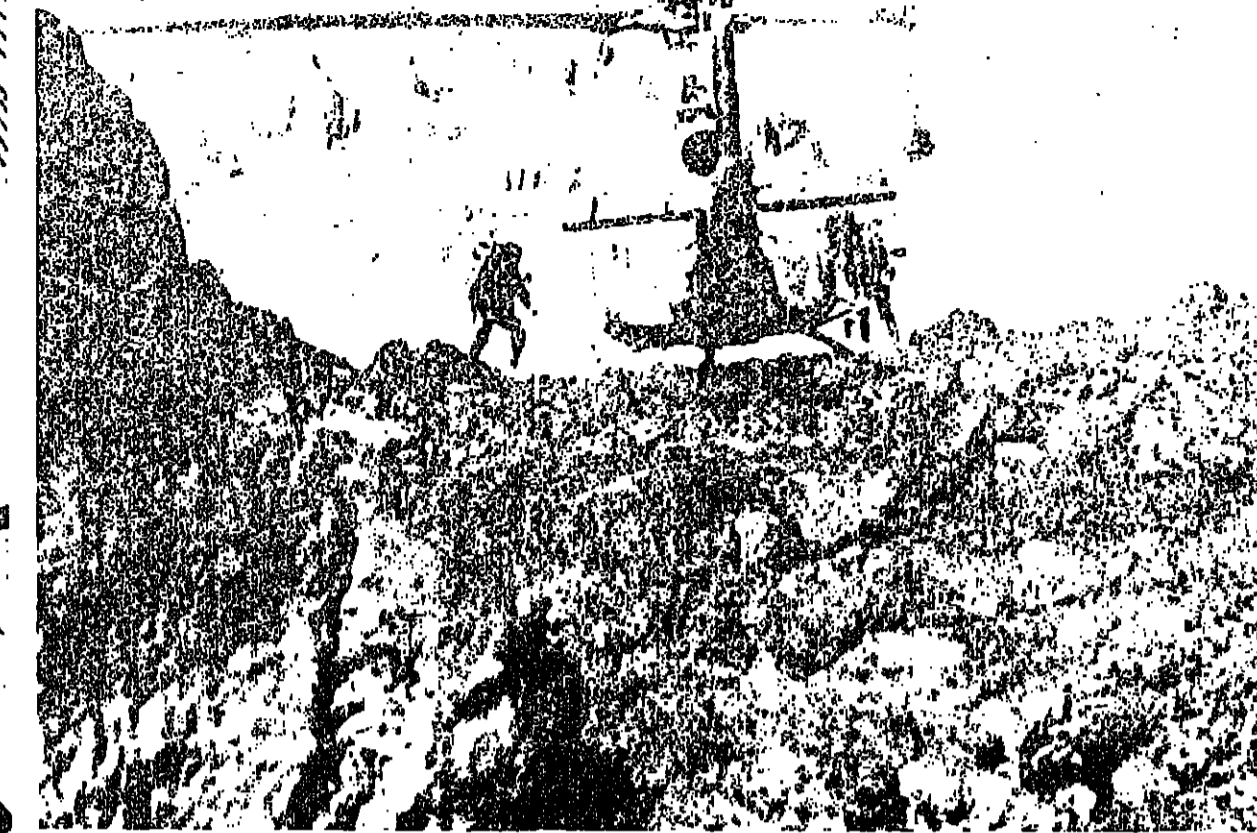
While intensified Israeli air raids were directed against the missile batteries, desperate Egyptian attempts to storm Israeli positions were repulsed with heavy losses to the attackers. The Egyptian Air Force continued to lose heavily and, finally, on July 30, 1970, a Soviet unit of fighter pilots decided to try its luck. Four Russian pilots were shot down in short order. They were flying the latest Model Mig 21's, but despite their modern aircraft and their superior training, they were no better match for the Israelis than their Egyptian counterparts.

This may have been the proverbial straw, for one week later, at midnight of August 7, 1970, the American-initiated cease-fire went into effect.

Nasser's death

Arab politicians continued to mouth the old slogans. Nasser reiterated: "What has been taken by force can only be restored by force." Gamal Abdel Nasser died

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1972



Helicopters increase mobility of I.D.F. Here frogmen board chopper on practice mission.

1,000 days and 20 months

losing 200 tanks, shot up by superior Jordanian armoured corps.

Fatahland
The terrorists, looking for new low-resistance areas, moved into what has since become known as Fatahland, with the Israel Defence Forces on their heels. I.D.F. raids into Shuba and Hamam villages, on the western Hermon flank, were a continuation of the policy of keeping the terrorists on the move and as far away from the border as possible. Once again the terrorists tried to switch methods, and attempted to raid the coastline at Ahziv — inviting a counter-raid by Israeli naval commando units.

July 7, 1971, saw one of the terrorists typically brutal Katyusha attacks, this time directed against a hospital for the chronically sick in the Petah Tikva area. Four patients were killed and 18 wounded.

None the less, some of the terrorists preferred the Israelis to the unfriendly mercies of Arab captors. In the last fortnight of July, 99 of them surrendered and asked for sanctuary in Israel.

Then, on September 17, came the downing of an Israeli Air Force Stratocruiser flying at least 22 kms. inside Israel. All seven crew members were killed.

There were more incidents along the northern frontier early in January, 1971, followed by Israeli counter-raids and two more overflights by Russian-piloted Mig 23's in March. But contrary to expectations, the coming of spring and warmer weather did not lead to a warming up of the northern frontier.

Perhaps the terrorists have run out of ideas for the time being. No longer tolerated in Jordan, strictly controlled in Syria and unwilling to risk a Jordan-type confrontation with the Lebanese Government, the gangs are now in the throes of new attempts at unification. Hussein has been lined up, along with Israel, as the number one enemy of the Palestinian cause and has been declared fair game for any terrorist.

Uncomfortable heritage

In the south, Anwar Sadat has been left with Nasser's uncomfortable heritage. After blundering somehow through the awkward period of explaining why he couldn't, shouldn't or wouldn't fight Israel at the end of the decision making 1971, he is now a much more cautious speaker,

talking only vaguely of the struggle to come, of the sacrifices his people will be called upon to make. It seems to have dawned on him at long last that he cannot hope to move Israel from the Canal by force. Lacking even Russian support of any new military adventures, Sadat has also probably come to realize that he can no longer count on the "all for one and one for all" enthusiasm of war and that in order to win his merits within the country first. He needs the oil of Sinai, he needs the Suez Canal and he must have peace to achieve anything.

But if he were to be convinced that he had little further to lose he might be prodded into touching off another round against Israel. Such a possibility could be developed sometime by the end of this year, experts here think. By then, some Egyptians might well be fed up both with the excuses of their leader and with the non-appearance of the long-awaited super-weapons from Moscow.

What it all adds up to, as far as Israel is concerned, is an incontrovertible reason to stand fast where the borders are right now and where they are costing us the least.



Rav-Aluf Haim Bar-Lev, Chief of Staff visits the Suez front, during the war of attrition.

on September 28, 1970, before he could carry out his threat to end the cease-fire unless the Jews came to see things his way. On the other hand, the Egyptians, with some pride, point out that their leader had in the few weeks before his death exploited the cease-fire to good purpose, pulling the wool over the eyes of almost everyone. Israel complained while the Egyptians brought their missiles right up to the Canal banks. Israel complained, and even the Americans could no longer claim ignorance of this development, but by the time the State Department ad-

mitted the facts, the Egyptians and their Russian advisers had completed most of the operation.

OPEN terrorist activity in Jordan came to an end abruptly in September, 1970, when King Hussein ordered army units into action against the gangs still concentrated in the northern, eastern, and some central parts of the country. The eleven-day operation ended the day before Nasser's death.

The Syrians tried to come to the rescue of the hard-pressed terrorists along Jordan's northern frontier, but merely succeeded in

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